

# tatler

17 JUNE 1964 2s.6d.

& BYSTANDER



## the shape of the 60's





BY APPOINTMENT TO  
HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II  
WINE MERCHANTS  
JOHN HARVEY & SONS LIMITED  
BRISTOL



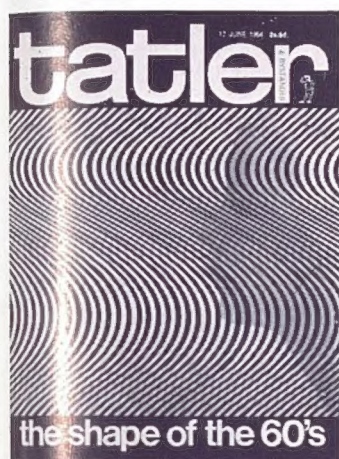
When it comes to cream sherries  
most people know what they like.



# tatler

AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 252 / NUMBER 3277

EDITOR  
JOHN OLIVER



There's more than a touch of *trompe l'oeil* to the painting on the cover, and that's in keeping with the theme of this week's issue which covers the changing shape of the 60s from architecture to eating out. The painting is called *Crest* and was shown at the recent exhibition, *The New Generation 1964*, sponsored by the Peter Stuyvesant Foundation at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. The artist, Bridget Riley, seen in misted profile, lives in London, and is at present working for her first exhibition in New York next February. Tony Evans took the cover picture. More colour photographs from the Whitechapel Exhibition illustrate TATLER art critic Robert Wraight's rundown on trends in modern art beginning on page 672. The Verdicts section disappears for this week only, but all its representative writers contribute their own views on the way things are going in their particular subjects. See too J. Roger Baker's report on *The Shape Makers*, who have their own London citadel. It begins on page 662.

GOING PLACES	648	In Britain
	650	Abroad: <i>by Doone Beal</i>
	652	To eat: <i>by John Baker White</i>
SOCIAL	655	Coming-out in the country
	657	Muriel Bowen's column
	658	The Cotswold Horse Show
	660	The wedding of Miss Tessa Prain and Mr. Vere Fane
	661	Letter from Scotland
FEATURES	662	Citadel for shape makers: <i>by J. Roger Baker, photographs by Barry Swaebe</i>
	667	You pays your money and you takes your chance: <i>by Elspeth Grant</i>
	668	New tilts to old skylines: <i>by Robert Harling</i>
	670	When music men meet: <i>by Gerald Lascelles, photograph by Lewis Morley</i>
	672	Pioneers or veterans?: <i>by Robert Wraight</i>
	675	The big art revolution: <i>by Robert Wraight, photographs by Tony Evans</i>
	677	Some moments of truth: <i>by Pat Wallace</i>
	686	Influence from Africa: <i>photographs by Romano Cagnoni</i>
	693	The world of the wordsmith: <i>by Oliver Warner</i>
	696	The cool world of the cook: <i>by Helen Burke</i>
COUNTERSPY	677	Trends: <i>by Elizabeth Williamson</i>
FASHION	678	Stars in the ascendant: <i>by Unity Barnes, photographs by Norman Eales</i>
GOOD LOOKS	690	Pop tops: <i>by Elizabeth Williamson</i>
MOTORING	694	Shapes past and to come: <i>by Dudley Noble</i>

**IN NEXT WEEK'S TATLER:** outdoor eating and outdoor theatre—Desmond O'Neill photographs London's boulevard restaurants; J. Roger Baker and Morris Newcombe cover the opening of the Regent's Park Open Air Theatre. Unity Barnes picks summer clothes for children

**Postage:** Inland, 4d. Foreign, 8d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. **Subscription rates:** Great Britain and Eire: 52 issues plus Christmas number, £7 14s.; 26 issues plus Christmas number, £3 19s.; without Christmas number, £3 15s.; 13 issues (no extras), £1 18s. Canada: 52 issues plus Christmas number, £8 10s.; 26 issues plus Christmas number, £4 7s.; without Christmas number, £4 3s.; 13 issues (no extras), £2 1s. 6d. Elsewhere abroad: 52 issues plus Christmas number, £8 10s.; 26 issues plus Christmas number, £4 7s.; without Christmas number, £4 3s.; 13 issues (no extras), £2 1s. 6d. U.S.A. (residents): 52 issues plus Christmas number, \$24.00; 26 issues plus Christmas number, \$13.00; without, \$12.00; 13 issues (no extras), \$6.00. © 1964 Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., 13 John Adam Street, London W.C.2 (TRAFalgar 7020)



# GOING PLACES



## SOCIAL & SPORTING

**Antique Dealers' Fair**, Grosvenor House, to 25 June.

**Aldeburgh Festival**, Suffolk, to 21 June.

**Sussex Festival**, gardeners' meeting, 3 p.m., 20 June; song recital, 6.30 p.m., 21 June, Charleston Manor, Alfriston. (KEN 8547.)

**Royal Ascot**, to 19 June.

**Chiddingfold & Leconfield Hunt Summer Dance**, Wepthurst Park, Wisborough Green, 19 June. Tombola, chemin de fer. (Tickets, £2 10s., Mrs. B. S. L. Trafford, Tismans, Rudgwick, Sussex.)

**Sandhurst June Ball**, 19 June. (Details, Major Ian Forrest, Camberley 21122, Ex. 45.)

**Princess Alexandra & the Hon. Angus Ogilvy** will attend a ball in aid of the World Wildlife Fund, at Osterley Park, Middlesex, on 22 June.

**Lawn Tennis Championships**, Wimbledon, 22 June-4 July.

**Midsummer Night's Dinner**, in the Great Hall, Hampton Court, to celebrate the Shakespeare Quatercentenary, 24 June. (Tickets, 10 gns., from the Hon. Organiser, 2 Old Burlington St., W.1.)

**British-American Ball**, London Hilton, 25 June. (Tickets £4 4s. inc. dinner, £3 3s., Young Committee. SLO 3674.)

**Eton v. Winchester**, at Eton, 26 June.

**Victoria League Ball**, the Dorchester, 30 June. (Tickets, £3 3s., inc. dinner from G/Capt. J. G. Glen, BEL 7271.)

**Georgian Ball**, Mansion House, 1 July, in aid of St. John's, Smith Square. (Tickets, £5 5s., from Lady Parker of Waddington, FRE 2285.)

**Henley Royal Regatta**, 1-4 July.

**Hurlingham Ball**, Hurlingham Club, 3 July.

**L.T.A. Ball**, Grosvenor House, 4 July.

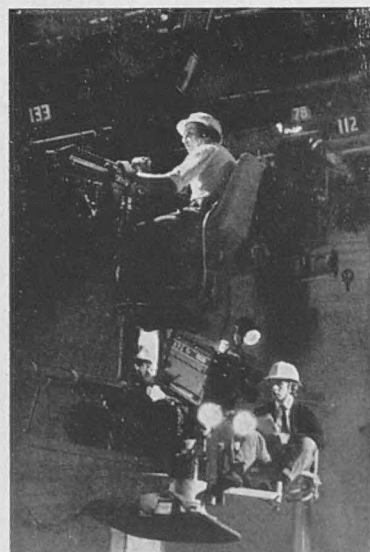
**2nd West Lancs Officers' Ball**, Samlesbury Hall, Preston, 10 July. (Tickets, £2 2s., from the Adjutant, 288 (2 WL) Regt. R.A. (T.A.), Kimberley Barracks, Deepdale Rd., Preston.

**Summer Fair**, Criterion, Piccadilly, 15 July, for the Catholic Handicapped Children's Fellowship.

**"The Island Run"**, adventure cruise organized by the National Trust for Scotland. Berths from £45. 12-19 Sept. (CAL 2184/5.)

## RACE MEETINGS

**Flat**: Ripon, today; Warwick, 19; Hamilton Park, Redcar, 19, 20; Worcester, Ascot Heath, 20; Folkestone, Birmingham, Stockton, 22; Alexandra Park, 23; Catterick Bridge, Liverpool, 24; Newbury, Yarmouth, 24, 25 June.



GRAHAM ATTWOOD

*Trends are those things which happen with a species of inevitability that is governed in most cases by good common sense. Hence the crash helmet worn by the operator of a Chapman Hercules Crane Camera, the B.B.C.'s latest piece of equipment. It is on hire from America. The boom can shoot a camera crew 50 feet and more above the studio floor. Helmets are worn to protect technicians against collisions with lighting equipment.*

## CRICKET

**Test Match: England v. Australia**, Lord's, 18-23 June.

## YACHTING

**Clyde Week**, 27 June-4 July.

## MUSIC

**Royal Ballet**, Drury Lane, *The Two Pigeons*, *La Bayadère*, tonight, 18, 22 June; *La Fil Mal Gardée*, 19, 20, 24 June; 23, 25, 26 June, 7.30 p.m. Royal Ballet School, *The Sleeping Beauty*, 2.15 p.m., 20 June. (TEM 8103.)

**Sadler's Wells Opera**, *The Gipsy Baron*, tonight, and 19-23 June, 7.30 p.m., 24 June, 7 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

**Odeon, Swiss Cottage**, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. Soltész, 7.30 p.m., 21 June. (PRI 3424.)

**Mermaid Theatre**, *Perelandra* (opera), 21 June.

**Country House concerts**: **Montacute**, Philomusica, cond. Boulton, 6.30 p.m., 21 June; **Petworth**, Julian Bream (guitar), 7 p.m., 21 June; **Fenton House**, Hampstead, English Baroque Ensemble, 8 p.m., 24 June. (PRI 7142.)

**Kenwood Lakeside concert**, City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, cond. Rignold, 8 p.m., 20 June. **Kenwood Chamber Music recital**, Rohan de Saram ('cello), Geoffrey Pratley (piano), 7.30 p.m., 21 June. (WAT 5000, Ext. 8060.)

**Westminster Abbey**, Yehudi Menuhin, George Malcolm, William Bennett, 8 p.m., 24 June. (WEL 8418.)

**Lunchtime concert**, Wigmore Hall, Alberni String Quartet, 1.5 p.m., 23 June. (Adm.: 2s., students 6d.)

## ART

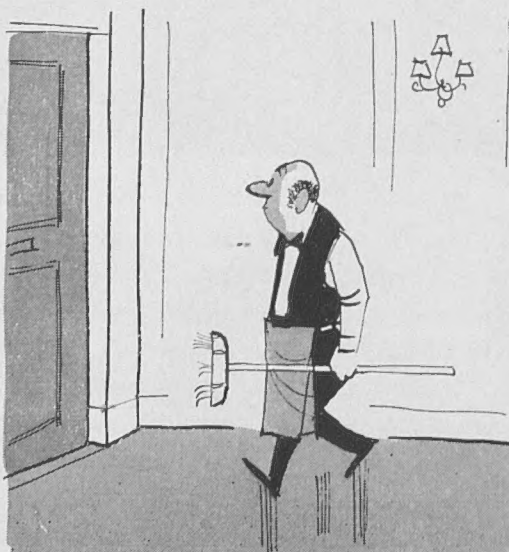
**Royal Academy Summer Exhibition**, Burlington House, to 15 August.

**Painting & Sculpture, 1954-64**, Tate Gallery, to 28 June.

## FIRST NIGHTS

**Aldwych**, *The Birthday Party*, 18 June; *Afore Night Come*, 25 June.

## BRIGGS by Graham





A  
matt-velvet  
finish...  
at your fingertips

# LIQUID POWDER

a masterpiece  
in make-up  
by

*Harriet  
Hubbard  
Ayer*



COIFFURE ALEXANDRE

Liquid Powder – powder in a liquid form. The very first of its kind. An original creation by the famous cosmetic house of Harriet Hubbard Ayer. Simply smooth it with your fingertips over your usual foundation – and your make-up is complete. So matt... so velvety smooth... so natural. And Liquid Powder stays perfect for hours. No need to worry about shininess, no need to re-touch. Liquid Powder by Harriet Hubbard Ayer. The only, only one to give such smooth perfection. Liquid Powder is available in five flattering shades: ARCTIC · BALTIC · ATLANTIC · ADRIATIC · PACIFIC. From Leading Stores and Chemists.



*Harriet Hubbard Ayer*

INSTITUT DE BEAUTÉ • 120 FAUBOURG SAINT HONORÉ • PARIS VIII





# THOSE LONG ITALIAN BEACHES

That part of Italy's Mediterranean coast between Genoa and the Argentario peninsula contains some of Europe's most charming rock-pool resorts; Portofino and Portovenere of which I wrote last week; and some of the longest beaches, notably Viareggio, which runs for about 10 miles if you count its suburb of Forti dei Marmi.

Point of the rock-pools is intimacy and privacy, for they are—comparatively speaking—bypassed by the travelling masses. The point of a place as big as Viareggio is its anony-

mity, which generates privacy of another kind. It is indeed for the world, his wife, and his family—but nobody much cares which—or whom. A great big spanking resort, built to hold and entertain all ages, it is no longer as elegant as, for example, Cannes or Biarritz, but it has a far better beach and nicer swimming. In its own idiom, it provides everything; one establishment after another, each with its own newly-raked sand, deck chairs, mattresses, changing rooms and showers, cafés and pizza

stands. The great mass-tan, in fact, and the thought of the thousands who annually roast to a turn reminds one slightly of broiler chickens, but let that pass. An intelligent piece of town planning is a long street between the beach and the main road, barred to traffic but lined with cafés and shops, so that people are able to stroll, clad to inclination, in the traditional *passeggiata*.

Some of the plushy old Edwardian cafés, legacy of Viareggio's more princely days, when tans were not fashionable at all, remain, interspersed with bright new shiny ones, all of them echoing to the hiss and gurgle of espresso machines, each with its trough of multi-coloured ice-creams. There are expensive boutiques from Florence, Rome and Milan, and there are marvellously cheap shoe, bag and jewellery shops too. Some rather grand old hotels—the Royale, the Palace, the Excelsior and Imperiale (could one find four more traditional names?) lend the place a certain *fin de siècle* charm. The flatness of the coast is offset not only by cool, thick pine-woods, but by the backing of the Appenines, whose violet peaks are still snow-covered, even in May. And in this particular stretch of Tuscany the summer weather stays dry, stimulating and quite windy

while much of the Mediterranean stews.

A compromise between pure beach and absolute rock are the resorts which evolved from quite sizeable fishing towns; of these there are several. Reading the map northwards from Viareggio towards Genoa, some of the most attractive include Lerici, Sestri Levante and Santa Margherita.

Lerici is Shelley and Byron country, and its setting of a Genoese fortress against the backdrop of mountains, guarding the little port, is appropriately romantic. It was from here that Shelley sailed to his death, off Viareggio, one stormy day in 1822. Byron, during the last summer he spent in Italy, swam across this gulf of La Spezia to the rocky shores of Portovenere, and is now commemorated by name in one of Lerici's hotels. What with its associations, its setting, and, among its many waterfront restaurants, one which is honoured by Michelin with a star (the Calata), you would hardly expect to keep Lerici to yourself. Sightseers come and go, but the place has stayed, in essence, simple.

Along what is marked on the map as a white coastal road is Tellaro: a stony maze of steps and alleyways, courtyards and little churches, it is so far unexploited, except for the

Sunshine and sand on an Italian beach: Marmi



David Morton forecasts the Man's World of a dream

## OH BRAVE NEW WORLD!

Asked to forecast the trends in men's clothes over the next 10 years, my mind boggles. After all, there have been thousands of trends over the past 10 years, but most of us are wearing, if not the same clothes we wore in 1954, at least pretty similar ones. So that's my first forecast. Sober grey suits with dazzling white shirts and sober maroon ties will continue to be a sort of British folk costume. The weekend look in 1974 will still be a pair of baggy grey flannels, worn with either a hairy ginger sports jacket (for winter) or a blazer that never once blazed (for the ten wet summers ahead).

*But stay!* My crystal ball, operating on the new 625-line system, has suddenly cleared. I see a people's democratic government passing new sumptuary laws. These have obviously been designed to curb the Macs and Lizzies, direct descendants of the Mods and Rockers of today. The Macs, or Macaronis, wear knee breeches and carry muffs and swordsticks. The Lizzies, or new Elizabethans, have slashed doublets (the result of numberless carve-ups) and carry tear-gas pomanders to toss at the police. They go for parti-coloured hose and cod-pieces. The new sumptuary laws insist

that trousers must be made of a material costing less than £10 a yard, and that the wearer must be able to take them off without removing his shoes first. This leads to some nasty scenes in police stations, and a gradual return to Oxford bags with creases down the sides.

*The scene changes.* Now I see a public house full of men in black jackets, striped trousers and bowlers. All of them are carrying brief cases. Plainly with all the increased leisure time that has been foisted on the workers, working has become a status symbol. These men are enjoying their five-day weekend. The local squire has

just come in, formally dressed in a boiler suit.

And here come the armed services. One can see they have been combined, however rebelliously. They wear a new uniform of khaki and navy blue dice checked material, with bell-bottom trousers and plastic Sam Browns. There will have been letters to *The Times* about this, no doubt of it. I see, too, that the motor car has influenced evening clothes as much as the horse ever did—nylon racing overalls in British racing green have evolved into evening dress just as the riding coat evolved into tails.

Accurate long-range weather



painters and photographers who perch on its every cornice and vantage point to record its curious, geometric beauty.

Between Lerici and Sestri Levante, a winding mountain road leads, over the Bracco pass, through some of the most spectacular scenery in Italy. Point to point it takes about two hours, but its vistas deserve a more leisured pace; take a picnic, or lunch at one of the mountain *trattorie* (one of the nicest is Kon Tiki, just before the descent into Sestri: they have wonderful spit roasts). At least one reason to detain the visitor to Sestri Levante is a rather magnificent hotel, the Castelli. Its situation, high on a bluff over the bay; its gardens, which cover acres of sub-tropical shrubs and trees; a first class restaurant and mosaic-tiled bathrooms of some splendour commend it to those who love their comforts. It is an oasis of peace and pleasant service, away from the crowds, and a useful one-night stand for motorists who are on their way home *via* the new airport at Genoa.

Facing south and backed by the mountains, Santa Margherita, the best known of all these resorts, has one of the softest winter climates in the Mediterranean. Perhaps it is this feeling that it has not opened up its shutters only for the summer visitors that has maintained its appeal ever since, like Portofino, it was first discovered by foreigners in the 30s.

Although its beaches are only

moderate, many shops and cafés are gay, and there is plenty of local life. A quieter alternative is Paraggi, just along the cornice road. This is a little pocket of a village, set on a small spade-shaped beach of its own, and surrounded by steep woods. The charming hotel there has food as good as any on the coast (remember their delicious *lasagne al pesto*), and the feeling is that of a private house. The bedrooms are simple, the bar quiet and civilised, the beach and the sunbathing rafts are on the doorstep.

If you wanted an effortless few days in which to eat, lie about and swim, shop in Santa Margherita and drink an evening aperitif in Portofino, you could look a lot further, and fare much worse.

The whole of this coast has become a far easier prospect since British United started flying in to the new airport at Genoa. They operate Viscounts every day and throughout the year, with the exception of Mondays; from now until the end of September, the frequency is stepped up to nine flights a week, of which those by night cost from £29 10s. As an airline which is small and comparatively new, they have put a special effort into personal and attentive cabin service, and at the end of the year they will operate the new BAC 111. Hertz will deliver a hire car for you at the airport at Genoa, and rates for a Fiat 600 are £7 14s. 5d. a week, plus 5d. a kilometre.

forecasting has finally robbed the British of their illusions about summer clothes, as well as their main topic of conversation. All clothes are now lightweight, and all are automatically rainproofed. "Ne'er cast a clout till May be out" has been changed officially to "Ne'er cast a clout while the Amalgamated Union of Household and Domestic Operatives be out." And they've been on strike for the last nine years.

The scene in my crystal ball changes to a bishop in plastic gaiters. It must be the epilogue, since he is chatting to a pop-singer. Close-down. And I'm back in 1964 again. Obviously the next 10 years are going to see more and more use of synthetic materials, unless there's a big population explosion in the sheep world. Throwaway clothes made of

plastic are clearly in view—plastic shirts are on the cards, though not, I hope, on my back. Stretch materials will be more widely used. Corfam will revolutionize shoes; Du Pont make Corfam, and they invented nylon, too. It's difficult to imagine a world without nylon, and I predict that it will be just as hard in 1974 to imagine a world without Corfam.

I suppose that in 1974 there will be even more daft press agents sending me unusable photographs of soppy models wearing impossible clothes. And I expect that Hardy Amies will launch a chic new collar-stud, having designed everything else a man can wear.

On the other hand, perhaps nudism will catch on in a big way . . . and then where shall I be?

## 800 Measured Sprays of Fragrance at a finger's touch



Every day there's an extra measure of excitement for you with Coty Measured Mist. At a finger's touch you get a fine spray of exquisite Coty fragrance. And always just the right amount too—a special self-timer in the bottle makes sure not one precious drop is ever wasted. You've enchantment in store with Coty Measured Mist—at least 800 times over. 19/6.

Five exquisite fragrances.

L'Aimant, L'Origan, Paris, Muguet des Bois, Emeraude.

*Coty*

COTY GIVES BEAUTY AN EXQUISITE NEW MEANING



# THE ROAD FROM ROMANO'S

The first time I took a young lady out to dinner in London was shortly after World War One. She wore a charming evening dress, while I was in white tie and tails. After a cocktail in the splendid foyer of the Carlton Hotel, with a small string orchestra playing in the background, we dined at a restaurant in the Haymarket. I remember particularly the short black coats and immaculate white aprons of the commis waiters and the pink-shaded silver candlesticks on each table. We went on to the Midnight Follies at the Hotel Metropole in Northumberland Avenue. She had wanted to go to Romano's in the Strand, but I had steered her away from that one as "being not quite suitable." In truth, I went there pretty frequently alone.

If I were 19 today and wanted to impress the young lady I was taking out, I would have a far wider choice of places in which to entertain her. If I was following the trend of today I would probably take her for a pre-dinner drink to one of the crowded, noisy pubs of Kensington or Chelsea that are so popular with the younger set, and then on to one of those restaurants where there is highly specialized Continental cooking allied to nearly complete darkness, like the China Garden in Brewer Street, where everything is black except the spotlighted tables. If we wanted to dance afterwards low lights, low ceilings and a cabaret singer with a "blue" turn would be the probable choice.

I make this comparison of extremes to illustrate how the trends in eating out in London have changed over the years. They have been affected by several factors. The motor car and where to park it; the effect of foreign travel on the British taste in food and wines; and the enormous increase in overseas visitors to London. Add to these the informality of clothes, the herd instinct, and the fact that whereas those who used to enjoy eating in the grand manner are diminishing in number through age or financial stringency, a new affluent society has grown up with quite different ideas of enjoyment.

One can, of course, still eat at leisure in the grand manner in beautiful rooms like the dining rooms of the Ritz,

Claridge's, Hyde Park Hotel, or the Savoy, and it is an experience that everyone should enjoy at least once. Grosvenor House, the Dorchester, the Carlton Tower, the Berkeley and the Westbury also offer one eating in the grand manner, but in a more modern form. For those who are prepared to spend quite a lot of money to be transported to the Continent in terms of food and atmosphere there are such restaurants as L'Ecu de France, Mirabelle, Coq d'Or and Caprice. They are the favourites of the new younger-middle-aged affluent society from industry and commerce.

When we were first married and living in Chelsea on an income of £750 p.a. we could afford to go once a week to dine and dance at the Berkeley, dine at Kettners every Sunday night and go about once a month to what was then London's best

small restaurant, Taglioni's, in Gerrard Street. When times were hard we had a six-course luncheon at Pinoli's in War-dour Street for 2s. 9d. Today the young couples of limited means make for the Peter Evans Eating Houses, the London and Angus Steak Houses, Luba's Bistro, Sands, or one of the Italian trattoria. They have their favourite places for dancing ranging from the Stable in the Cromwell Road to the Yard Arm Club on the Thames.

One of the notable trends in eating-out since the war has been the great increase in the number of fish restaurants. Between the wars Wiltons, Scotts, Bentley's, Sheekeys and Manzi's did most of the business. They still do well, but there are as well Overtons, the Wheeler group, Cunningham's Whistling Oyster and a companion new restaurant on

the way, the Contented Sole and Flanagan's, the Golden Carp and others.

As the tides of change sweep across the face of London certain places stand out as sturdy rocks round Scilly. The Savoy Grill and Simpsons change but little. Rules is much the same as on the nights I used to have supper there with Anny Ahlers, with Ivor Novello sitting across the narrow room. The foyer of the Ritz is virtually unchanged from over 50 years ago when an inquisitive small boy fell into the gold-fish pond. It would not be necessary to change a word of the picture of Boulestin my mother wrote in 1930. At lunch-time the string orchestra still plays at Claridge's, while Luigi welcomes with equal courtesy the customer who has never been there before, and those of us who have enjoyed his friendship for 40 years.

*Sketched by Geoffrey Fletcher from Romano's carte du jour of about 1912*





**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**





## THE FAMILY TREND

Lady Helen Marina Lucy Windsor—fourth of the Royal babies born within the first six months of 1964—sleeps tranquilly in the arms of her mother, the Duchess of Kent, oblivious of the bustle surrounding her first photo-call at Coppins, the family home. Her brother, the Earl of St. Andrews—two this month—is already quite at ease with cameras. Lady Helen was born on 28 April and christened in the private chapel at Windsor Castle



# PARTY IN A GARDEN

Three mothers joined to give a coming-out dance for their daughters in the gardens of Hidcote Bartrim Manor, Glos. The hostesses were Lady Bell, wife of Sir Gawain Bell, Mrs. Alexander Marland and Mrs. Rosalind Krause. The girls were Miss Peta Bell, Miss Ainsley Marland and Miss Pinky Marland and Miss Diana Krause

- 1 Lady Bell, Miss Peta Bell, Miss Pinky Marland, Mrs. Alexander Marland and Miss Ainsley Marland
- 2 Mr. William Arber and Miss Gill Kennard
- 3 Miss Katharine Montagu Douglas Scott and Mr. Charles Flower
- 4 Miss Diana Krause
- 5 Mr. Adam Sykes and Miss Anna Kristina Reed
- 6 Miss Elizabeth Flower and Mr. Christopher Houghton





Quietly, but noticeably, the social scene is shifting and keeping pace with the spectacular scale of the era in which we live. The season used to be just a couple of summer months in London—but now, apart from a dull phase in the spring, it tends to involve the entire calendar and to spread across the globe. Wherever the QUEEN goes an aura of grandeur surrounds the receptions, dinners and balls she attends that no other occasion can match. With jet planes at her disposal she travels farther, and faster, than any other monarch before. Each country she visits tries to entertain her more splendidly than the last. The result is a succession of glittering functions so numerous they tread on each other's heels and with all the leading people in the countries visited taking part. These parties are attended not only by the government, but by industry, the professions, the armed services, scientists, the trade unions and sportsmen. Such a mixture adds to the excitement and enormously enhances conversation. Comparisons are odious but will there ever again be a social event so signally gorgeous as the dinner at the Pink Palace of Jaipur in 1961 when the Queen arrived by elephant?

#### THERE ARE TIARAS

At home the biggest change is in the scope and, at times, the lavishness of official Government entertaining. Heads of State are treated superbly well when they come on a visit. This sort of thing has become *necessary*. Some of the entertaining oozes with Britishness, notably the time when the British women out-jewelled and out-dressed the French at a Royal Opera House gala attended by PRESIDENT & MADAME DE GAULLE. It was only possible to find two heads in the entire front row of the royal circle without tiaras. It was all so dressed up that the then Foreign Secretary afterwards admitted he had asked the Home Secretary's wife to identify the guests for him.

The really top people don't have much time for parties of any sort in this workaday world but they all come to the big government receptions for visiting dignitaries and they are accompanied by glittering wives. These are the only occasions today in which one will usually see more than a 100 tiaras. Only the State can afford the servants to keep Lancaster House functioning as it did before World War I.

#### THERE ARE PALACE PARTIES

The cachet attached to government entertaining has rocketed, while diplomatic entertaining has slumped. Nowadays, with 90-odd embassies and a couple of new ones added each year, an embassy reception is not what it used to be when, as in 1939, there were only eight.

There are changes, too, at Buckingham Palace. Debutantes are out and the really enormous garden party for

## THE MOVE TOWARDS SPLENDOUR

TRENDS IN THE  
SOCIAL SCENE  
CHARTED BY  
MURIEL BOWEN

10,000—there are now three of these every year—is in. Nowhere in England has democracy blossomed so happily and with such a vengeance as on the Palace lawns; voluntary workers in even the tiniest of towns are not forgotten when the invitations go out; the governing bodies of professional and business organizations and trade unions are asked to send lists of names of suitable guests.

#### THERE ARE ROYAL LUNCHEONS

At their popularly dubbed "Meet-the-People luncheons" the Queen and Prince Philip entertain people from all walks of life who are playing a distinguished part in changing Britain for the better. At receptions they would never have an opportunity of more than a few words with these people; over luncheon there is opportunity for conversation. It is a pity, though, that these functions should cause bitterness among wives. Though women are often asked to Palace luncheons they are women of success in business or the professions or government. Wives are not asked. Indeed, because of the resentment this has caused, one hopes that, in future, husbands *and* wives will be invited, for wives are playing an increasingly important part in their husbands' success at a time when they are also bearing a bigger domestic burden than their predecessors in a similar role. There could be no greater recognition of their truly magnificent contribution to the country in their own right than an invitation to accompany their husbands to Buckingham Palace.

#### THERE ARE SLEEK FUNCTIONS

Happily, many of our famous annual functions get better all the time; happily, too, in our affluent society, many more people can go and see them. Changes are coming to some and are overdue with others. The magnificent Chelsea Flower Show has clearly overgrown the Royal Hospital grounds; the quantity of exhibits, the number of people and the greatly increased ownership of cars have all added to this. Consideration should be given to putting it on the large and open stretch of Hyde Park near Marble Arch. One of several

advantages here would be the park for 1,000 cars beneath the grass.

There is the succession of famous functions—Glyndebourne, Ascot, the International Horse Show, and Cowes—each with its own sleek smartness. Every year each one is more crowded than the year before. The sailing authorities tell me that the ownership of boats goes up by about 10,000 a year. It is now as necessary to put your son down for a mooring on the south coast as it is to put him down for Eton.

#### THERE ARE BIGGER, BETTER HUNTS

When the International Horse Show did not return to Olympia after the war, people said it would be the end of the showing world. Fortunately it wasn't. Olympia is much too small to contain today's horse show enthusiasts. Since moving to the White City the show attracts more people than ever before and it now has the prefix "Royal." With Britain able to win gold medals at the Olympics (something we never did in the horse events in the pre-motor car era) and over 30,000 members of the Pony Club, both horse shows and hunts are having it better than they ever had reason to hope.

#### THERE ARE TACTFUL MUMS

How are people adapting themselves to change? The Royal Academy is a good example; the "Private" View is now as tight-packed as a Rugby scrum but people say airily: "Today we're just seeing the people, next week we'll come back and see the pictures."

Changes in working habits have been thoroughly appreciated in the debutante world. Young men today have to work, so Mums generally hold coming-out dances for their daughters at week-ends, even if the only free one is four days before Christmas. Saturday night balls, unheard of only four years ago, are now quite commonplace. Producing something exotic for the night, such as turning a ballroom into a big top complete with wooden circus animals, is considered neither ostentatious nor unduly expensive. Though it is not, of course, necessary for making a dance a success. One of the best dances of recent years was held in a hay barn to which the hostess had her guests transported in pony carts. It cost £60.

#### THERE ARE MARQUEES

The West End hotel is no longer the drawing card for weddings or private balls. One reason is that the old familiar ones have no provision for parking cars. Also it is generally considered by the young that the best parties are in country houses, sometimes with a marquee on the lawn. An added inducement is the fact that the invitation usually means being put up in another attractive country house for the week-end. What a godsend for the young man to get away to from that shared Chelsea flat.



# A CANTER IN THE COTSWOLDS



4



The Cotswold Horse Show—a two-day event with a crowded programme that included two dog shows—was held at Minchinhampton





PHOTOGRAPHS: NORMAN LAGHORI



7



1 Ann Fallows riding Peril in the day's preliminary to the National Foxhunter competition. Later she became the B.S.J.A. West of England champion on My Moon  
 2 Miss C. Bradley on Graciano won the qualifying competition for the Leading Young Rider of the Year Jumping Championship—the first three go to the final at the Horse of the Year show  
 3 Miss J. Ireland on Cromwell II  
 4 Miss Evelyn North with Pascal Flower and Mrs. H. Bennett with Tango on which her daughter won the Junior C Jumping, watch Miss A. Griffith on Blue Peter in the same event  
 5 Wendy Bartlett, two years old, in front of the collecting ring  
 6 Before the judging in one of the dog shows  
 7 Mrs. L. E. Carlyon brought practically everything her competing friends might need in her car





PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

# THE BRIDE AT PERTH

Miss Tessa Prain, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. Murray Prain, of Mugdrum, Newburgh, Fife, married Mr. Vere Fane, son of the late Mr. John Fane and Mrs. Bryan Gibbs, at St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth

- 1 The bride & bridegroom talking to bridal attendants Michael Hulse, Shaunagh Colthurst and Georgina Varney  
2 Drum practice by Marina McGildowney, audience Clare Bruce and Elspeth Crichton-Stuart  
3 The bride's parents, Mr. & Mrs. J. Murray Prain, receiving guests  
4 Miss Anne Napier  
5 Mrs. Bryan Gibbs, mother of the bridegroom



# LETTER FROM SCOTLAND



The Hon. Mrs. Butler, daughter of Lord  
Fife  
Lady Mary Varney. Her daughter was a  
bridesmaid  
Miss Elizabeth Lawson, from Newburgh

Yellow and white made a sunshine colour theme for a recent Scottish wedding which took its guests from Perth for the service to Fife for the reception. The wedding, pictured here, was that of Miss Tessa Prain, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Murray Prain, to Mr. Vere Fane, son of the late Mr. John Fane and of Mrs. Bryan Gibbs, of Slogarie, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbrightshire. The service was conducted in St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth, by Canon L. Derrick-Large assisted by the Very Rev. Provost Currie. Later, about 650 guests attended the wedding reception given 11 miles from Perth in an enormous marquee in the grounds of the bride's 17th-century home, Mugdrum, Newburgh, Fife.

## A BAND FOR THE BRIDE

Flowers both in the cathedral and at the reception were yellow and white, the marquee was lined in the same colours, the bridesmaids' dresses reflected them and they carried yellow garnet roses. The grounds of Mugdrum were glorious with rhododendrons, laburnum and pink may, and guests were able to enjoy the wonderful view from the house over the River Tay.

During the reception music was played by the band of the Fife & Forfar Yeomanry Scottish Horse, a regiment once commanded by the bride's father.

The bride's Empire lined dress was of white *peau-de-soie* with a long train and veil. Her headdress incorporated a diamond tiara lent by her mother and backed by white net petals, creating a charmingly light effect. Instead of the customary bouquet she carried a white Bible. Her grown-up bridesmaid, Miss Melanie Lowson, a schoolfriend, wore a dress of yellow wild silk and carried a bouquet of lily of the valley and yellow roses. The child bridesmaids, all dressed in white organza over yellow silk, were Clare Bruce, Shaunagh Colthurst, Georgina Varney, Marina McGildowney and Elspeth Crichton-Stuart, and the kilted pages were Michael Stewart-Richardson and Michael Hulse. Mr. Anthony Robertson was best man.

The health of the bride and bridegroom was proposed by Sir William Anstruther-Gray, Bt., M.P.

Relations present included Mrs. Bryan Gibbs, mother of the bridegroom, Miss Venetia Fane his only sister, and his god-mother, Lady Vereker, and friends included the Countess of Elgin; the Hon. James & Mrs. Bruce; the Hon. Mrs. Michael Beaumont; Sir William & Lady Anstruther-Gray; Sir John & Lady Gilmour; Major & Mrs. M. Crichton-Stuart; Sir Denys & the Hon. Lady Lowson; Lord & Lady Forteviot; the Hon. Simon Dewar; Commander & Mrs. Hutchison-Bradburne; Sir George & Lady Nairn; Lady Mary Varney; Lord & Lady Headley; Viscount & Viscountess Weir; Sir David & Lady Montgomery; Major Sir

and Mr. & Mrs. Georgie Hutchison, just back from their honeymoon.

Mr. & Mrs. Fane will make their home in North Borneo for a year before returning to live in London.

## HELP FOR CRAFTSMEN

Lady Sempill, of Craigievar Castle, Aberdeenshire, has been telling me of her high hopes for the newly formed Crafts Council of Great Britain, of which she has been appointed one of the 17 members. Other Scots on it include the chairman, Sir Gordon Russell, and Lt.-Col. Alister Maynard. Lady Sempill tells me that she hopes, with the aid of the Crafts Council, to be able to expand greatly work for the disabled in whom she is particularly interested. She took a large part in getting the Scottish Craft Centre its official grant, which has since been stopped. However, her faith in the liveliness of the Scottish Centre has been justified. "I always thought it should be able to make its way, and it is managing to do without a grant," she told me. "There are some very good craftsmen in Scotland—particularly silversmiths and glass engravers." She is very keen to keep alive the traditional crafts, some of which, such as knitting and basket-making, are very nearly dying out.

Lady Sempill herself is "a sculptor to trade" though, since her marriage, she has had to give up this work. A husband, three children, and three homes—in London, in Essex and Aberdeenshire—have left her with little time for sculpture.

## THE ASSEMBLY DISAPPOINTS

Many of us were greatly disappointed when, on the last day of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, the application of Miss Mary Lusk to be ordained as a minister of the Church was dismissed. There never has been an ordained woman minister in the Church and now, for at least another year, there won't be.

"I'm not ambitious for myself—not longing to be the first in, or anything like that," Miss Lusk told me after the announcement of the Assembly's decision. But she felt the present situation was wrong, and that the only way to break through the division which ran through the Church between men and women was to see if the Assembly would agree to her ordination.

Miss Lusk, as well as being a thoroughly capable person, is blessed with both a warm personality and a sense of humour. She is a deaconess, licensed to preach, and does so frequently. She is at present Assistant Chaplain to Edinburgh University and has a Bachelor of Divinity degree from Edinburgh as well as a B.A. from Oxford. Her father, incidentally, was Chaplain to the Presbyterian members of Oxford University for nearly 20 years.

She is leaving her present post at the end of the current university term. "I'll have a break for at least a year," she says.



# CITADEL FOR SHAPE MAKERS

Last year the schools of industrial design in the Royal College of Art moved into new buildings on Kensington Gore, an utter contrast to the friendly but Victorian ambiance of the old site, and a complex of new perspectives within which the students work. Here, **J. ROGER BAKER** introduces the professors and heads of departments who are shaping the students' attitudes and talents, and talks to some of the students who are already making the shapes with which we will live. **BARRY SWAEBE** took the photographs at the new centre

Until the middle 30s the Royal College of Art could never really settle to a definite policy, and it was not until 1948 that it achieved its present constitution, one incidentally that would probably have raised a cheer from the planners of 1835.

The industrial revolution was well under way when realisation came that the fine arts should be related to manufactured goods, and the concept of industrial design was formed. France, of course, had already got this organised, but in 1837 the School of Design was opened in London. It was in Somerset House and next door was a room in which decorative objects were displayed for the students to copy. Today that little collection has become the Victoria & Albert Museum; the school is now the Royal College of Art.

Over the years several attempts were made to pull the college back to its starting concept of design for industry linked to a practical application. But time and again the fine arts—painting mainly—exerted their irresistible mesmerism over staff and students. Ironically, the college's periods of glory and popularity seemed to come when the principal was a noted painter; the first was William Dyce, the Pre-

Raphaelite. Consequently, the pattern emerges of periodic attempts to bring the college to the industrial mark followed by a gradual return to emphasis on fine arts.

A serious attempt was made in 1852 and this resulted in renaming the School of Design, calling it the Central School of Practical Art. By the mid-70s, however, industrial teaching had slipped again, and in 1901 a complete reorganisation took place—the title Royal College of Art had been granted by the Queen in 1896. Now the college was divided into four schools: Architecture, Painting, Sculpture, Design, plus lessons in various crafts. In 1920 emphasis was again on the fine arts under Sir William Rothenstein, the distinguished painter, then principal. He was succeeded by P. H. Jowett in 1935 and it was felt that once more the college should be recalled to its original purpose. The position was analysed by a special committee and recommendations made. One that was put into almost immediate effect was the setting up a body of governors with a strong representation from industry. The war delayed others, the college was evacuated, in 1946 Jowett was succeeded by the present principal Robin Darwin, and in 1948 the 1935 report recommendations were put into operation with the massive backing of tremendous interest in industrial design that had materialised in the intervening years. This drastic and complete reorganisation involved the creation of new premises in Kensington Gore. Most of the industrial schools have moved there; the other schools remain scattered in the area, but by 1973, when the rest of the site falls to the college, the entire organisation will be on one campus.

The college now has four major divisions, a faculty of Fine Arts (painting, sculpture, stained glass); a faculty of Graphic Design and Interior Design; a faculty of Industrial Design with seven different departments, and a General Studies course which all students attend and which gives them a thorough grounding on such basics as logic and philosophy—the most admired tutor in this course is the novelist and philosopher Iris Murdoch. Though this means that the greater proportion of space and staff is devoted to the industrial arts, the faculty of fine arts remains vital: it is a basic precept that the fine arts are not only important as they stand, but should also inform and inspire industrial design.

Students at the college are already highly qualified in their own particular lines when they start, having had three years at other art schools. The demand for places is country-wide and enormous; a fraction of those who apply are accepted. All the courses in the industrial design sections are closely geared to practical application. In addition to the normal tutorial staff there are skilled craftsmen attached to each department who perform a double service, not only demonstrating techniques to students, but also making up student designs quickly so that the student can see his idea carried out.





The School of Graphic Design, of which RICHARD GUYATT (*opposite page*) is professor, provides the link between the fine arts and the industrial arts within the college. The school has, in fact, three sections, that of print making which is close to the Faculty of Fine Arts; its newest offshoot the department of television and film design (*see page 666*); and the main section containing some 60 students of graphics proper. Graphics is a difficult term to define. Professor Guyatt comments: typography is the backbone of the course, and one might define it as design for printing." Graphic media is, however, regarded as a fine art, deriving from the tenet that the fine arts



are the inspiration of the applied arts. "There is more emphasis on design today, and a greater demand. Our students have, in fact, a lush future at the moment. Graphics too, are a good lead in to other branches of design." The school works on a highly practical level. There is, for example, the college magazine *Ark*, a totally student production in which lay-out, graphic interpretation of literary ideas and illustrative concepts are allowed to go berserk. Advertisers allow R.C.A. students to design their advertisements in this production, demanding high standards. Another basic in the school is the Lion & Unicorn press which produces, against a subscription list, volumes of esoteric value which commercial publishers are allowed to handle after a suitable interval. The members of this department also design most of the posters, hand-outs and pamphlets needed within the college itself, and there are always commissions from outside. Method is preferred to theory and like the other departments in the college is fully equipped to handle all aspects of the working side of the subject. Student Laurence Cutting (*left*) is in his second year, and came from Brighton school of art. In the picture with him is a three-dimensional alphabet device, the result of a set project. He is particularly interested in the use of new materials for architectural lettering and also hopes to teach in the United States.

MRS. JANEY IRONSIDE (*opposite page below*), professor of the School of Fashion Design: "We try to produce someone who has an original flair and is capable of interpreting current trends without copying them. We are not here to change the fashion, but to train people who are quick at feeling the general trend." The fashion school was born after the college's reorganization in 1948 and basically teaches the principles of good design linked essentially to the practical problems of making clothes. "We encourage students to think ahead and acquire an instinctive feeling for fashion with the commercial world in mind. As far as students go, the department is bursting at the seams. We accept a dozen each year and the entrants are beginning to display an extremely high standard. People are generally taking a greater interest in fashion. All our students read *Elle*, travel to Paris—which has perhaps lost its mystique as the great fashion centre, but still remains the best—and see fashion on television and so on. Things have never been so good for the young designer in this country." Symptomatic of the school's forward-looking policy is that this year Mrs. Ironside is opening a school of men's fashion, something she has wanted to do for a long time: "Now Hepworths have come up with £20,000 which will keep us going for seven years. It is an entirely uncommitted grant and people are saying we are going to be a branch of Hepworths, which is not so." Students first take a basic course covering all aspects of fashion—including presentation of designs, which is more than just fashion drawing—then specialize in one aspect. Student Janice Wainwright (*left*) from Kingston and Wimbledon colleges of art, attended dress design classes when she was 12, and now prefers to deal with evening clothes and dresses, not tailoring. She is planning to join a wholesale firm—"the only other designer there is also an ex-R.C.A. student so things will not be too difficult"—and wholly approves the freedom of choice that young people have in buying fashion today. (For some examples of ex-students already making an impact in fashion, see Unity Barnes' selection of new names on page 678.)





ROGER NICHOLSON (*right*) is professor in the school of Textile Design and notes that a release from fixed ideas of the past is now occurring and that the industry is beginning to take serious notice of the efforts of young British designers: "This fits the time, of course. People are always looking for something new. For example, a dress firm supplying what they imagined was a typically English market will find the demand is not quite as expected; the younger element require new and different things, which is exciting. Another aspect is that clothes today are expected to have a much shorter life than ever before. It is amazing how quickly people recover and require the newest thing. This happens even when a highly-priced car is involved, a few modifications and the customer seems quite prepared to get rid of his old model and have the new one. This, too, creates a continual demand for new things." The department has just over 40 students, of which 25 specialize in printing, and the rest in weaving. They also accommodate people from industry doing short

courses. "Textile design in this country is at the moment in the hands of a desperate but efficient bunch of foreigners, and this means that eventually our students become merely colorists or adaptors; however the future is a little brighter. Weavers can go to mills as designers—many of the smaller mills have no house designer at all. The ideal would be to establish small production units and get students employed as design directors, where they would have a powerful influence. Some are already used in this way—I.C.I. have one, so have Heals, but this—powerful use of the right kind of talent—is a mere fleabite. At the moment we have a strong fashion pulse, we have good designers and good managements, but no co-ordination between them." Student ELIZABETH WEST (*far right*), from Winchester, feels there is scope for a young weaving designer in the smaller mills. She has already been freelancing successfully and this year plans a trip to Italy and marriage. She says "textiles, and weaving in particular, are not only satisfying artistically, but also within my scope"







THE MARQUESS OF QUEENSBERRY (*below*) is professor in the School of Ceramics. A notable designer himself, he insists on students acquiring a severely practical knowledge of the subject. He says: "There are three ingredients one has to consider. First, the subjective, creative feeling which is basically there. Next, it is useless to pretend one is not involved in fashion—one's own designs of 10 years ago look dated now, but this doesn't mean they are any less good as designs. On the other hand one gets no closer to some ultimate standard in design. This feeling for fashion emerges naturally, it cannot be taught. Lastly there is the problem of how the object designed is made, and in fact whether it can be made. What is a sound idea could well be uneconomic to make, but we negotiate this with factory visits and lectures. Some students emerge with far more technical knowledge than is absolutely necessary, but it gives the designer confidence when faced with a works manager. It is not, however, the designer's task to

reorganize the industry, but to fit in with it". There are 21 students in the department which also has a studio pottery section—that is, designing individual pieces by hand: "I do not wish to divorce pottery as a fine art from pottery as industrial design. The students are not just artists, but people with creative talent able to produce solid things out of ideas. If the graduates are to affect the industry they must have the ability to get in". On fashion in ceramics Lord Queensberry suggests that design has now stripped everything down to basics and forecasts a return to decorative approach. Student TREVOR BROWN (*below, far left*) believes he can make studio pottery practical for industry; he has been working with electrical porcelain—the stuff that insulators are made from—giving it a stoneware glaze. From Leicester College of Art he admits that at 16 he didn't really know what he wanted to do, but knew he liked the drama of making pots. While at the R.C.A. his approach has become more sophisticated and practical





KEITH LUCAS (*right*) is head of the Department of Television and Film Design which lives in its own friendly, rather prefabricated building in Queen's Gate. This department was an offshoot of the School of Graphic Design and was originally instituted as a one-year course under a well-known designer, the late George Haslam, because it was realised that a number of R.C.A. students were in fact finding work in television and film studios. Other students too were showing an increasing interest in these things. Now, after five years of operation, the department runs a three-year course with 21 full-time members. This number will be increased to 30 in the next session. Says Mr.

Lucas: "We are training men for jobs which don't at the moment exist—that is people who can work alongside a director on the whole image of a programme or film. Design should be able to apply to all forms of television, including outside broadcasts. The film *The Servant* is an example of close working between designer and director and shows the sort of thing we aim at. The problems presented by television are great; it is a treadmill—there are schedules to maintain, budgets and the

problem of varying the design—there is a vast consumption of ideas. In the film world there are the pressures of time and money, but nothing near TV." The department is equipped to provide full practical training with stages and studio lighting, equipment for 16 and 8mm film work, and there are good cutting room facilities. Students have been commissioned to do graphic work for a number of television programmes and the department works in co-operation with both film and

television industries. Students work too as production teams on their own films. JACK ROBINSON (*below*) came down from Manchester to study furniture design, found it was not as expected and after a year being miserable found his feet in the Television dept. He is more interested in the product side than in pure design and has just completed his own 15-minute film based on the illusions of the theatre. Aims to produce and direct his own films.

Next week the remaining schools and departments including Industrial Design and Interior Design, will be discussed.





# YOU PAY YOUR MONEY AND YOU TAKE YOUR CHANCE

Mr. Kenneth Harper, who's currently putting the finishing touches to *Wonderful Life* (the new musical film, starring Mr. Cliff Richard, Royal charity premiere 2 July) is the youngest-looking 48-year-old film producer ever I met. He has survived just on 20 years in films without acquiring a single thread of silver in the gold of his hair or a single wrinkle on his fresh, boyish face, and it's obvious from his hearty appetite that he doesn't suffer from the traditional occupational trouble, ulcers in the tum. Wonderful constitution, I'd say. You need that—and a sense of humour—to weather the hazards of film-making.

"Are there any noticeable trends in films?" I asked him.

Mr. Harper looked slightly foxed. "Well, *fashions* in films change, things "come in" and "go out," but a good film is always a good film, isn't it? I mean, a good Western is still a good Western even though that's one of the oldest film forms, and a good musical like, say, *On the Town*, would always be worth seeing. Trends, eh? Let's invent one. Let's have an absolutely glorious film in which a mill girl marries a dook's son and everybody lives happily ever after—without a psychiatrist or a kitchen sink in sight."

Yes, please. Let's! I thought, and Mr. Harper went on: "The film industry—and of course it is an industry—is the only one that doesn't spend a bean on research in an effort to improve the end product. It's amazing, really, when you think of the millions laid out for the purpose in other industries—producing chemicals, cars, planes, detergents or what have you. Does the film industry ever attempt to find new talent, for instance? Not on your life. It leaves that to the individual producer, and gives him precious little encouragement, into the bargain. Let him risk his money and take his chance, seems to be the attitude."

Mr. Harper appears willing enough to do that very thing. It was he who gave Mr. Sidney Furie his first opportunity in this country to direct a "big" picture—*The Young Ones*,

starring Mr. Cliff Richard. It was a smash hit. Still in pursuit of fresh talent, Mr. Harper brought Mr. Ken Russell into films from television to direct *French Dressing*. It was not a smash hit, but it showed promise.

"How are young chaps ever going to learn to direct, if nobody ever lets them try?" asks Mr. Harper, very reasonably. "But mention an unfamiliar name to the distributors when you're raising the necessary capital to make a film and they're off like hares. They don't see a potential, so they're not interested. It's a funny old game, altogether. If a new young director scores a success, as Sid Furie did with his first musical, he's hailed as a wonder-boy, a brilliant "discovery" (nobody mentions whose), and he need never look back. On the other hand, if his first film isn't one hundred per cent. successful—and I'll admit that *French Dressing* wasn't—the film industry is liable to cold-shoulder him and he'll be lucky if he's ever given another film to direct."

Agreeing with Mr. Harper that natural-born film geniuses are few and far between—"there are probably only two: Chaplin and Tati"—one would like to know how he came to appoint Messrs. Furie and Russell his directors and whether he gave them a free hand or dictated how the film should be shot.

"I saw a film Furie had directed in Canada," said Mr. Harper. "It was made on a shoestring and it wasn't exactly a masterpiece, but it seemed to me Sid had a real feeling for direction and an understanding of youth. That's why I wanted him for *The Young Ones*, and why he's just directed *Wonderful Life* for me. As to Russell, I was tremendously impressed with his work on television and thought he'd make a first-class film director. I'm still convinced that within three films, he'll come up with a winner."

Mr. Harper looks quite shocked at the idea of a producer's dictating to his directors. "I give them the job, and let them get on with it—they've got to find their own

feet. If I interfered, it'd be rather like some fellow commissioning a portrait of his wife and then saying to the artist 'I know she's a bit of an old bag but I want her to look absolutely beautiful so make her mouth smaller and take an inch off the end of her nose...' You know what I mean?" I know.

"I did have a blazing row with Ken Russell, when he'd finished *French Dressing*—but that was just to clear the air." Mr. Harper beamed, reminiscently. "I told him to get gimmicks out of his system and concentrate more on the characters. After all it's the people who matter, and what happens to them, and, I said, you've got to have heart, for want of a better

cliché. He took it very well and everything's O.K. now. I couldn't really expect him not to put a foot wrong somewhere on his first time out."

Does Mr. Harper enjoy producing?

"Of course—I wouldn't be doing it if I didn't. The trouble with some producers is that they're frustrated directors, or actors, or writers and they want to do everything themselves, which I don't think anyone can. I'm just happy producing. It's fascinating—finding the story, the director and the cast; mixing people, you know? It's rather like a chef in his kitchen, choosing ingredients and mixing them—and hoping the dish is going to turn out palatable."



PAUL VINCENTI

Kenneth Harper, the film producer who set the trend for English musicals with Cliff Richard's *The Young Ones*, is just finishing another with the same formula. He is interviewed here by Elspeth Grant

# NEW TILTS FOR OLD SKYLINES



Almost every Londoner, from planner and architect to 'bus-driver and commuter, would probably agree that London is in a bit of a mess. Not only is London's traffic in a mess, but the city itself is gradually but certainly losing much of its erstwhile urban character and charm. These same criticisms are applied to almost all other cities, but they are seen and heard at their most intensive when London is under discussion.

Yet, despite this prolonged discussion, nobody has any mess-lessening scheme that prompts national or even metropolitan support. Sir Geoffrey Crowther wants to preserve historic London and the Green Belt by building London higher. He is demonstrating his theory in the most practical way by building what promises to be a handsome skyscraper block for *The Economist* next door to (and in co-operation with) Boodle's, the prettiest club house in London, built almost exactly 200 years ago.

Opposing Sir Geoffrey is Dr. Peter Hall, of Birkbeck College in the University of London, who is rapidly becoming as good a publicist as he is a geographer. He

**The willingness to follow trends instead of setting them has robbed New London of the striking individuality it deserves. ROBERT HARLING looks hopefully to the emergent generation of young architects who may produce some exciting new tilts for old skylines**

is all for accepting the inevitability of the urban spread and wants 17 New Towns built on the London periphery.

Neither the knight nor the doctor has any significant following, though the new plan for the South East seems to be nibbling a tentative way into Hall's projected super-Wen.

Part of the doleful climate attending these changes, and the promise and threat of far more drastic changes, is undoubtedly due to a widespread lack of public confidence in contemporary British architecture, reflected in the architects' lack of confidence in themselves and their post-war achievements. They yearn for the position attained by Lutyens, the last of the great English "personal" architects, full of whims, legends and commissions, or, preferably, for something akin to the

renown of, say, Skidmore, Owings & Merrill of New York, probably the most successful firm of architects in the world.

Instead, British architects are bedevilled by their own increasing inability to be masters of the manifold techniques they supposedly control or at least supervise; they are beset with soul-searching over their position *vis-à-vis* the specialist engineers on whom they so profoundly depend; they are sensitive to the widespread criticism their works so frequently arouse; they are not always convinced that the buildings they design are superior to the buildings their designs supplant. Above all, they rarely practise what they preach, for the most eminent of them live in converted Georgian houses, and, unlike architects abroad, show little or no enthusiasm for the idea of building modern houses for themselves.

Indeed, I think this is one of the most significant factors working against modern architects in this country. They seem almost to practise modern architecture because it is the current architectural idiom, and to be wholly lacking any sincere convictions about the imperative necessity



for modern architecture in a modern world. We, the lay public, need not have such convictions, but they, the so-called modern architects, ought to have. Yet, for them, modern architecture seems an intellectual exercise, whereas for many architects in North and South America, Scandinavia and, increasingly, in Japan, the necessity for modern architecture is a fierce intellectual, emotional, creative conviction.

Thankfully, not all London's post-war buildings distress the eye of the affectionate metropolitan perambulator. Isolated buildings of unusual quality are designed and built, but the new London *in toto* offers a generally disappointing experience. The Pimlico Development (Powell & Moya); Castrol House (Gollins, Melvin, Ward & Partners); Thorn House (Sir Basil Spence & Partners); New Zealand House (Sir Robert Matthew); the Royal College of Art (Raglan Squire, Hugh Casson and Robert Goodden), plus, perhaps, two score other buildings are interesting, occasionally exciting, but much of the rest provoke little interest and less praise.

My own view is that these disappointing results derive from two main causes, apart from that lack of intense conviction already mentioned. Each of these causes would be worth, I think, a thesis by some diligent architectural inquirer looking for a subject.

The first is the curiously mongrel form of patronage now obtained by the arts in this country, a kind of patronage by committee, memorandum and tender, aided and abetted by an appalling lack of knowledge or even interest in architecture on the part of the patrons.

The second is the curiously delayed interest in modern architecture displayed by our pre-war architects, from Lutyens to Baker, from de Soissons to Bloomfield, partly echoed in the generation which succeeded them. Perhaps that lack of conviction is involved in this time-lag.

But, first, this question of patronage.

Most of us would probably agree that the primary requirement for underpinning great achievements in the arts (which ought to include architecture) is generous, enthusiastic and informed patronage.

Unfortunately, generosity and enthusiasm have been more frequently displayed by would-be patrons than discernment and knowledge. Prinny's patronage was generous and enthusiastic, even if wilful, and got him (and us) the Brighton Royal Pavilion, certainly one of the most entertaining larks in the history of English architecture, but scarcely great art. Charles I was generous, enthusiastic and knowledgeable. He amassed an art collection that would now be one of the wonders of the world. And so on and on. Until today.

Admittedly civil servants, politicians, tycoons, dons, councillors and even company secretaries annually hand out commissions that make the post-Great

Fire "fifty churches" programme of the Commissioners look like penny packets. New towns, new neighbourhoods, blocks of offices, factories, power stations, universities, technological colleges, barracks, cathedrals are built in astonishing profusion.

Yet nobody in this country, not even the architects, seems very pleased with what we are getting for this astronomical outlay. Criticism is widespread. Buildings are criticized for the monotony of their design, their poor planning and faulty detailing, from fenestration to floor surfaces that cannot compete with stiletto heels.

Viscount De L'Isle, v.c., Governor-General of Australia, recently told Australian architects that "in every city one sees the same dreary, glass-covered elevated matchboxes stacked up like a row of tombstones, their skylines decorated by fuel tanks and lifts." And more along the same lines.

But should not some of this blame be directed towards the patrons of modern architecture or the arbiters of architecture in general? What is to be made of a committee of so-called modern Britons, acting as our leaders, who decide to extend their own well-loved Houses of Parliament by building on an imitation of the Barry-Pugin Gothic original? Little wonder that British architects begin to suffer from neuroses and persecution-mania.

Had Mr. Thorneycroft announced in that same week that he proposed to add two new ironclads to our present naval strength, in all respects identical with H.M.S. *Devastation*, built in 1873, he would have been laughed out of a job. Had he managed to squeeze in a supplementary proposal that the R.A.F. was to be re-equipped with Sopwith Camels, which did us so proudly in 1917, he would probably have found himself straightway in a strait-jacket. Yet something anachronistically equivalent to such *pronunciamenti* was propounded by 11 of Mr. Thorneycroft's colleagues, varying in background from director of a brewery with a handsome 18th-century house to a lady whose hobbies are primarily poetry and walking, with architecture unmentioned. But they are still in their jobs. For all they were talking about was Architecture and in that division of the arts, as every British school-boy knows, an inspired amateur is every bit as good as a seasoned pro. What about Wren? What about Lord Burlington? Horace Walpole? And dozens of others?

So much for some of the more curious aspects of current English patronage and political punditry in architectural matters. Now to the other factor to which surprisingly little attention has been given by students and historians.

Though several British architects, including Charles Annesley Voysey (1857-1940) and Charles Rennie Mackintosh (1869-1928) helped to sponsor the development of the Modern Movement, which later led, mainly *via* the German architects

Walter Gropius (b. 1882) and Mies Van Der Rohe (b. 1886), to the International Style, our own living architects—those now in their mid-50s and early 60s—came late to this architectural discipline, formula, logic, aesthetic, call it what you will. Like most late-comers to any party they lapped up everything that was going and swallowed the International Style whole. They had had little or no part in working their way through its complex details and aesthetic, its groping trials and errors, its enormous tribulations and occasional triumphs.

Britain has no architect, for example, of the stature and attainments of Alvar Aalto (b. 1898), the youngest of the great international masters whose work has marched in pace with the development of the International Style yet shows at every stage highly individual acceptance, rejection and re-interpretation of the style. His buildings, whether the early and renowned Sanatorium at Paimio (built in 1930) or his later and continuing work in the town of Viipuri, have thus retained a remarkable *personal* quality, and it is this quality, I feel, which modern British architecture conspicuously lacks.

Only the fullest confidence in himself and his mastery of a style enables an artist to upset its accepted canons. Thus Picasso was a masterly painter in the academic manner before revolutionizing its tenets. Soane was a master of the classical manner before pointing the way to modern architecture. In the same way Corbusier is the prime upsetter of the modern architecture he helped to evolve. Nervi, the master engineer-designer, is quite unafraid of decorative forms, which ought to be the prerogative of the architect as the accepted master of style in building.

But our own architects are scared of such notions. When the proposal for the extension to the Houses of Parliament was mooted, no modern architect suggested that it might be possible to design a handsome, even beautiful modern building that might also incorporate a Gothic theme. They merely reiterated the old war-cry that it ought to be a building expressive of our own times.

Yet when an architect abroad evolves a revolutionary new form, our native architects are swiftly influenced. One sees the Corbusier touches timidly copied. One sees the echoes of Louis Kahn's Philadelphia block—massive, monumental, memorable—influencing our own university designers. But why no British innovations?

Our middle-aged architects have never been innovators. They have followed on from others, foreigners. Perhaps our younger architects will change all that. It will be interesting to see. Meanwhile we have no architects whose work is internationally recognized and discussed, as is the work of, say, Henry Moore or Francis Bacon in other arts.

That, I think, is our current problem. We have no national interpretation of the International Style. Other nations have.

# WHEN MUSIC MEN MEET

**THE HON. GERALD LASCELLES**, who writes on jazz in the weekly *Verdicts* section of *Tatler*, talks to his brother, the **EARL OF HAREWOOD**, whose many activities range from the Royal Opera House to the artistic directorship of the Edinburgh Festival

**G.D.L.** Who are the young composers of note today?

**Lord H.** In England people like Alexander Goehr, son of Walter Goehr, the conductor, Peter Maxwell Davis, Harrison Birtwhistle. They all, I think, studied at one stage in Manchester, they are all roughly the same age, about 30. They have been going some time, long enough for a number of their works to have been heard, for the occasional work to have been recorded, a good number to have been broadcast. They are all "post-Webern" composers.

**G.D.L.** Can you clarify that a little, about "post-Webern."

**Lord H.** Well, tonality—the insistence on keys and developing music through key relationships and so on; anything to do by and large with sonata form—is alien to them. They have grown up under the shadow of this great pupil of Schoenberg, Anton Webern, who was killed just after the war. His influence as a composer has been very important to them. That is to say they base their things on the serial principle, on the 12 note principle.

**G.D.L.** Which is what Schoenberg really originated.

**Lord H.** Which is what Schoenberg propounded and originated, but what Webern developed in his own personal and particular way. Someone like Richard Rodney Bennett I would put as a leading composer of a different sort of music, influenced perhaps by people like Britten, obviously by Stravinsky, also of course by the serialists. Nevertheless, his approach to music is different, less Germanic if you want to put it that way. He was a pupil of Lennox Berkeley's over here. Another is Malcolm Williamson, an Australian, who has been over in this country for quite a long time, and wrote a highly entertaining opera, *Our Man in Havana*, which came out last year and is being revived this summer at Sadler's Wells. He is a tunewriter, somebody trying to express quickly get-at-able ideas and emotions and concerned in this opera to tell a story. There are a lot of composers that I haven't mentioned, a lot that I probably don't know, younger than these.

**G.D.L.** So you would say most of these composers are not only capable, but have written major works. Not just short suites and relatively unimportant minor pieces.

**Lord H.** They have written pieces that are identifiable as their own, that have put forward a style that belongs to them and is not just taken over from somebody else.

**G.D.L.** What about orchestral music—is there going to be a further development in dissonant chords, like Schoenberg, or do you think there will be a return to melody?

**Lord H.** Well now, of course, the fascinating thing about this is that the question

is put in an angled way: will there be a further development of a dissonant type of music or will there be a return to melody? One of the curious things is that as works get better known, or sometimes just with the passage of time, they come back with all the melody perfectly apparent, though it was considered dissonance at the time it was written. Britten's *Gloriana* was hooted at by a lot of critics in 1953, but revived 10 years later, it appeared to everyone who heard it as a feast of melody.

**G.D.L.** This rather proves the theory that the ears of an audience can be attuned to acceptance of something which when they first hear it they don't like.

**Lord H.** I think so. Another example is an opera written a year after *Gloriana*, Tippett's *Midsummer Marriage*, which again I knew very well because I was working at Covent Garden at the time. It was a complicated work without question, but I think a very good work. It had one or two faults, which the composer worked at later, and the opera was broadcast last year with enormous success—not because it had been played so often that it had become familiar but simply because the passage of time had enabled the development of what I think is the most important faculty audiences have for receiving any impression, including music, and that is their instinct. The brain is miles behind what I call the instinct, the subconscious, and it's the subconscious that has developed in these 10 years.

**G.D.L.** Can I ask this rather impossible question? If you or I had heard the works of Beethoven being played on their first performance, would we in turn have had our hackles go up and say, well of course we don't understand this. We think it's absolutely wrong and it's barking up the wrong tree?

**Lord H.** Well, one hopes not quite that. Our instinct may not enjoy but our brain can do some work then all the same. The Austrian Emperor preferred Cimarosa to Mozart though Cimarosa was in comparison a second-rate composer. Even the top men of Beethoven's day, people like Weber for instance, thought the 9th Symphony nonsense and Weber was 20 years younger than Beethoven, and a brilliant professional musician at that. Audiences as well as composers didn't always like their contemporaries and, of course, with the rise of the romantic period, the music got farther and farther away from being immediately easy to receive. That's very much still with us. One of the things one's got to go on trying (inasmuch as a layman can) to protest against is this idea of assuming the audience can't understand you.

**G.D.L.** Of course this is becoming very common in jazz, too.

**Lord H.** To assume that you are writing for posterity is a genuine form of decadence in my view.

**G.D.L.** I'm glad you said that.

**Lord H.** I think that's decadent whoever it is—whether it's Schoenberg, whether it's Duke Ellington—but I'm sure Ellington never said it in a month of Sundays. But to get back for a moment to this business of melody. We accept a great deal of disson-

ance that our grandparents didn't and we recognize a great deal as melody that they denied. Well now, the whole basis of music is tunes—the moment you put three notes together it's a tune.

**G.D.L.** If you were commissioning a work, would you be prepared to accept something from a composer whom you knew would be writing a foot above people's heads? In other words, they would probably have to hear that work four or five times before they could really get to the bottom of it. Is that an acceptable standard?

**Lord H.** I think it's become a necessary one. A great deal of what everyone recognizes as the greatest music has had this quality of growing on acquaintance and it has sometimes been denied at first.

**G.D.L.** What support do you suppose orchestral concerts are likely to receive in the future?

**Lord H.** I feel that we've got into a very odd and uncomfortable situation over classical music-making in this country because so much is concentrated in London. It's very hard to get experienced orchestral musicians to go for any length of time out of London. The reason is simple: not only do they get better paid for their regular orchestral employment in London, but there is so much opportunity on the side—teaching, session work, films, light music, recording, television.

**G.D.L.** But there are active orchestras in Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow and Bournemouth.

**Lord H.** Those are the big symphony orchestras. There are one or two smaller ones as well, for instance in Newcastle, the Northern Sinfonia, which is a good group, but much smaller. London makes a splendid clearing house for music. This does not lead to a balanced musical life. Apart from anything else, the Londoner has become blasé. We've got Klemperer doing a symphony concert tonight, tomorrow Solti conducts an opera, the night after that there's a performance with Rubinstein. Yehudi Menuhin gives a recital, and so on. We've got too many potentially top class performances to choose from. Then, the moment orchestras start to take a risk with their programmes, they tend to go down badly at the box office. We're not required to make an effort, and least of all to give loyalty to a group. If there's quite a lot of subsidy, there's very little planning to make the money and the effort go farthest. I see that the converse could lead to dictatorship, but I doubt if that would be worse than the present cut-throat situation.

**G.D.L.** What you really mean is that you would like to see a Minister of Culture not only mildly dictating, but also rationing.

**Lord H.** That's it. We've too many orchestras in central London; to decentralize would make it uncomfortable for players who would either have to jockey for

*Opposite page: music men and brothers. The Earl of Harewood (left) and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles—time out between tapes*

continued on page 688





**Writes Robert Wraight:**

the four artists whose work is shown in colour on these pages were all represented in the recent exhibition *The New Generation 1964* at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. All are under 30; all have been called pop painters (three were, in fact "pioneers" of British Pop Art while students at the Royal College of Art), which only goes to show how varied are the fruits of that much-publicized, much-maligned and unfortunately-named development. All have evolved a personal idiom based on techniques that are traditional, at least insofar as they employ brushes and paint. In introducing their work (and that of the other eight artists in the exhibition) at Whitechapel, Mr. David Thompson wrote: *To the public the results may look extraordinary. To the artist they are likely to be a reasonable, even if adventurous, development from the immediate past.*

Now the first part of this statement may well be true. The second part may have been more nearly true when it was written three months ago but things are happening so fast in art today that artists like Hockney and Phillips have already attained an "Old Master" status; and others who still stick to traditional techniques, but without displaying such skill or originality, are dismissed as "old hat" by a newer new generation of 1964 for whom adventure is to be found in the use of the vast array of new media made available by the technological revolution of our time. For news of the protagonists involved and the latest development in the art revolution turn overleaf.







Left: *The Hypnotist* by David Hockney, the most spectacularly successful of our younger artists (he is at present teaching and touring in America). His pictures, he says, divide into two groups, "curtain pictures" and "dramas" (usually with two figures).

The curtain idea was inspired by the National Gallery's recently acquired frescoes by Domenichino.

*The Hypnotist*, a curtain drama, combines the characteristics of both Far left: *Portrait of Juan Gris* by Patrick Caulfield, whose work evokes the "feeling" of the late Twenties and the

Thirties not only by combining elements of the popular decor of those periods with elements of geometrical abstraction but by painting in a meticulous manner that is curiously redolent of the suburban home decorator

Left: *Out* by Derek Boshier, was painted this year after the artist had returned from a year's travelling

scholarship in India. But there is no sign here of any Indian influence. Before he went to India he painted incident-packed "Pop" pictures. The dramatic

change of style came about after he saw in Paris, on his way home, the *Chevron* series of abstract paintings by American Kenneth Noland

Far left: *Buses* by Allen Jones. This huge canvas (9 ft. by 10 ft.) dominated his "Bus" exhibition at Tooth's Gallery last year.

Technically among the most gifted of the artists of his generation in England, he

likes to take a single subject and work on it until

he has exhausted all its possibilities. In this way he has produced highly praised series on cars, aeroplanes and parachutists as well as buses, and recently a series of "hermaphrodite couples"

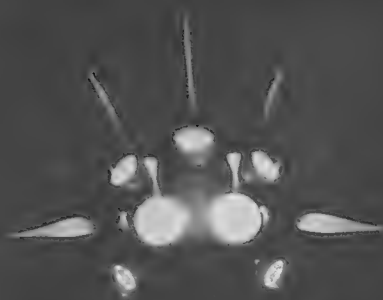


# pioneers or veterans?





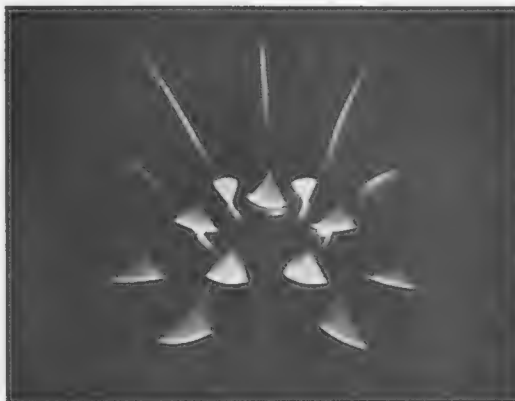
# the big art revolution



*Opposite page:* in silhouette against the lighted planes of one of his own creations, the profile of 70-year-old John Healey, who is responsible for the Planned section of the remarkable exhibition *Art in Motion—the Random and the Planned*, currently at the Royal College of Art. Above are further examples of luminous pictures by Healey, who in fact prefers to be known as an inventor rather than an artist. His experiments with light and form have extended over some ten years

It stemmed from a bewilderment and it could achieve a break-through into a new age says **ROBERT WRAIGHT**

Art today is completely bewildering to the layman—to be honest it's pretty bewildering to the critic, too—though it is more than his job's worth to admit it. Just when he is getting the hang of "pictures" made of every sort of rubbish and "sculptures" that are patently squashed motor-car bodies or other machine-age scrap; just when he is learning the difference between abstract expressionism and neo-realism, between artists like Franz Kline and Jim Dine, all these words, movements and men are becoming outmoded. If he pokes his nose into the current issues of the esoteric art magazines he will find that he has a completely new vocabulary to learn, new names to remember, new and more difficult mental adjustments to make.



PHOTOGRAPHS: TONY EVANS

He will find himself knee-deep in talk about kinetics, cybernetics and optics, about robot art and programmed art, about luminous pictures and structures vivantes, about ZERO and NUL, about Soto, Bury—and John Healey (*picture opposite*). Briefly what it all means is that there is a revolution afoot, that a lot of artists feel that the brush and paint tradition is played out, that rubbish-collages and squashed motor-car sculpture are phoney, that art must somehow be geared to technological developments.

Listen to this from four young ex-Slade students, who call themselves *Fine-Artz Associates*, writing in the magazine *Ark*: "We've been presented with conveyor-belt production, cybernetics, depth psychology, mass-communication, instant-packs, supermarkets, glam admanship, man-made fibres, neon, nylon, Perspex, plastic, expanding economics and

dynamic obsolescence. It's all there—miraculous materials, magical machines, communication techniques and more leisure. And how can the visual artist serve in this social clime? He can avail himself of all these fabulous facilities and use his creative intelligence and imagination to produce inventive and desirable objects, environments and atmosphere. In fact, supply a visual panorama in this new Golden Age in which culture can fulfil its real function and enhance and stimulate the non-functional leisure-time of society."

A tall order, yes, but an exciting challenge that is gripping the imagination of more and more artists in this country. Already on the Continent enough has been done to show that the possibilities of the new art forms that will present themselves are limitless. Exciting though they were, the uncanny electrically operated mobiles of the Belgian Pol Bury, the magnetically controlled, gravity-defying objects of the Greek Takis and the eye-teasing constructions of the Paris-based Venezuelan Soto, shown recently in Oxford and London, are rudimentary. They are still

tied, however tenuously, to traditional precepts of visual art.

The major break-through is still to come. Today it looks as though it will be a two-pronged break-through, made not only by those artists concerned with moving objects but also those concerned with moving light. Some of the most recent developments in both these fields are demonstrated in the fascinating exhibition *Art in Motion—the Random and the Planned* which has been at the Royal College of Art for the past three weeks.

The *Random* section of the exhibition consists of works by two Italian groups, *Group T* in Milan and *Group N* in Padua. Most of them are machines in which such things as iron filings, plastic tape, table-tennis balls are activated electronically, but there are also several optical works whose movement is purely illusory. These are particularly interesting because they produce effects similar to those made by the eye-dazzlers of our own artists, Bridget Riley and Michael Kidner. But whereas Riley and Kidner work meticulously and laboriously with ink or paint, the Italians use modern labour-saving

materials like plastic sheets and ribbons.

The *Planned* section of the exhibition is of luminous pictures by John Healey, a remarkable 70-year-old Englishman who prefers to be known as an inventor but is undoubtedly an artist of importance. For ten years he has been experimenting with light on somewhat the same lines as those followed by the Hungarian-born French sculptor Nicholas Schöffer, the acknowledged inventor of "lumino-dynamism." Now, in this first exhibition, he shows himself to be way ahead of Schöffer in this field.

Each of his "pictures" is contained in a box the front of which is a semi-opaque plastic screen on which the constantly changing images are projected from behind. The colour range extends from one end of the spectrum to the other, the variations of form that can be achieved are infinite. Inevitably the spectator finds himself labelling the abstract images with the names of things they evoke—a burst of fireworks, a flower blooming, a sunset, a galaxy of stars, spaceships, the aurora borealis and so on.

Sometimes he may feel that he is watching the miraculous merging one into another of the entire *oeuvre* of some one artist—a master whose brush, loaded with gloriously coloured light, traces an unending phantasmagoria in the night sky. Without being aware of it Healey has, for example, made one of his pictures a sort of "homage to Hartung," another brings to mind the surreal qualities of Matta. The speed with which the image changes may be controlled so that the entire sequence takes a minute, a day, a week. Theoretically there is no limit. Alternatively the picture may be made to change only once a day or week or month. So one might have a different "Hartung" or "Matta" every day for a decade—and all probably for the price of one painting in old-fashioned oils! What is more the picture can be as small as a post card, as big as a wall of a room or of a skyscraper. It may even be used to supply, literally, "a visual panorama in this new Golden Age."



Left: Dr. Pierre Elliot Ph.D., is the physicist who is required to produce the effects aimed at by Healey.

Far left: Audrey Healey, daughter of the inventor-artist, who helped and encouraged him in the exhibition presented by the R.C.A. in collaboration with Healey and Olivetti, Ltd.

Above left: Mr. Samuel Bardon works full time for Healey on lighting and electronics.

Above far left: Mr. John Healey whose early experiments followed the lines laid down by the sculptor Nicholas Schöffer and later surpassed them





## COUNTERSPY SPOTS THE TRENDS

BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON



**1 Catching:** the new neat prints that copy the look of an old engraving. Trend: screen-printed cretonne designed by Pat Albeck for Bernard Wardle: 12s. 11d. a yard

**2 Sing a song of Bentwood:** The B9 bentwood was picked by Le Corbusier for his Pavillon de L'Esprit Nouveau in 1925 at the Exposition des Arts Decoratifs in Paris. Le Corbusier said at the time that it possessed nobility. Trend: the B9 introduced again by Goods & Chattels at Woollands. About £9 18s. 6d.

**3 Focal point:** These sunglasses are almost too new looking to wear this summer. The oval lenses are set in a goggling frame that makes every face look little. By Newbolds, 6 gns. Another trend is towards the perfect oval frame in tortoiseshell

**4 Childish design:** this plate, bowl and mug were designed by a child for a child. Carefully painted in engaging colours, the pattern is

permanently fixed on a break resistant hygienic surface. 25s. the set by Alison Frances Pitcairn Little (aged eight) for B. I. P. Gaydon

**5 Film man's chair:** Folding chair in chic colours, white frame with orange or turquoise canvas seat or black frame with brown or natural canvas. About £3 10s. by Goods & Chattels

**6 Anything goes-up:** A well designed wall is becoming the design centre of a room. Huge hand carved letters from old shop fronts are the choice of Dodo who specialize in these highly typographical items. Just one letter makes a wall. Other things that can add to its design are old advertisements painted on glass, engraved glass from pubs, way out signs, anything of a curious and diverting nature. Find Dodo at 185 Westbourne Grove and look for these letters from about 30s.

PHOTOGRAPHS: TESSA GRIMSHAW





Almost every week a new name rises in the world of fashion and a new shape is born. Of the galaxy of young designers who start out for the top, some will fall from orbit, but there is plenty of space for the stayers with talent and intuition. We have focused on a few who, with their cool and calculating foresight, their ability to dream up new shapes and their basic love of clothes have already become bright stars in the fashion world. Also included are some brand new names all set for a meteoric rise to stardom. Unity Barnes launches the shapes of the future. Norman Eales shot the photographs

*Right:* The shapes devised by Saint Laurent and Cardin are a continual inspiration to 25-year-old Roger Nelson, ex-Royal College of Art student who has had great success with his first two collections. He calls this chauvinistic suit in peppercorn tweed "Barrack Square", elongates the curving jacket with three high buttons, and narrows the revers.

20½ gns. at Woollands, from August 1st. Roughly woven pull-on hat in brown, white and black checks. By Boo Field Reid, 9½ gns. at Liberty. Citrine and silver brooch, 8 gns. at Anschel, 33, King's Road, S.W.3.

*Behind:* the Shell Centre

*Far left:* Jean Muir at Jane & Jane sells her beautiful womanly clothes all over the world, has just opened a boutique in Au Printemps, Paris. Believes first and foremost that a dress should be comfortable; next in importance is cut and shape. She chooses cherry-plum crêpe for a waistless dress, with elasticised cuffs, edged with a turquoise tie-neck. Touch of drama—stripe plunging to the waist. 20 gns. at Wakefords

*Left:* Two very young ex-students of the Royal College of Art pioneered the near-impossible task of interesting buyers in their kooky and original clothes. Now London stores sell out of Marion Foale and Sally Tuffin clothes as fast as they come into the departments. They also sell well to the U.S.A. and more recently to Dorothée Bis in Paris. A daisy-fresh example is this smock-shaped dress, checked in white and darkest blue gingham, the cuffs and deep V-slash at the neck in dizzy yellow.

9½ gns. at Woollands





*Left:* currant-black frogging braids the neck and cuffs of a slender wool dress in French mustard, black and putty silk tweed from Roberts of Selkirk. By Kiki Byrne, the diminutive Norwegian who, having designed for her own boutique for six years, has just shown her first wholesale collection. 24 gns. at Fortnum & Mason in early August. Charles de Temple, avant-garde jeweller, plaits three strands of silver into a simple silver bracelet. 28 gns. at Ansel

*Below:* Cojana was the first far-seeing manufacturer to produce coats and suits with the label "designed by Emmanuelle Khanh." Darling of Paris ready-to-wear, ex-model at Givenchy, birdlike Emmanuelle thinks shape is everything, as shown in this camel seven-eighths coat and skirt. Slender jacket is tabbed down firmly, revers are wide and low, shoulders softly rounded. Designed by Khanh for Cojana. 27 gns. at Mary Fair;

Colsons, Exeter. mahogany leather stitched hat spliced by a giant kilt pin was designed by James Wedge. 24 gns. at Liberty. Photographed at Forte's new Serpentine Restaurant *Opposite page:* since opening her first "Bazaar" seven years ago in Chelsea and later in Knightsbridge, Mary Quant now designs two yearly wholesale collections under her own name and four yearly collections for her budget-minded "Ginger Group." She won the *Sunday Times Fashion Award* in 1963, this September flies to New Orleans to receive an award from the fashion store Maison Blanche. Typical of her recherche designs is this smooth pink linen suit, its long jacket braided neatly in white, the cuffs breaking out in a wild flare. Flirty white crêpe blouse underneath. Suit, 19½ gns., blouse 3½ gns. Reed Crawford's giant Garbo hat in creamy straw, 13½ gns. All at Bazaar, Knightsbridge and Chelsea. Quartz daisy brooch by Valerie Graham, 7 gns. at Regali







STARS IN THE ASCENDANT



*Left:* John Bates, designer-director for Jean Varon, waves his magic wand to create some of London's loveliest evening dresses. This one in misty white nylon organza has diaphanous sleeves and black lace ruffles spill over the neck and wrists. 21 gns. at Harrods; Darlings, Edinburgh; Philpots, Woking, from mid-July

*Below:* Frothy white lace over crushed strawberry cotton lawn makes a ravishingly pretty dress, typical of the clothes by Caroline Charles who trained with a couture house, joined Mary Quant, started her own firm two seasons ago. Sells now to such far-apart customers as Cilla Black and Princess Muna of Jordan. This dress is strewn with pink bows, the sleeves open gently like summer

roses at wrist level.

11 gns. at Liberty; Judith Taylor, West Didsbury

*Right:* Another fan of Cardin, Colin Glascoe, calls himself an "interpreter" of Paris trends and shapes, adapts them to practical price-tags. His simple peasant dress is given a tapestry image in oatmeal, blue and parsley green printed wool, worn with or without a belt. 14 gns. at Fenwick; Darlings, Edinburgh; Reeve Caval, Wolverhampton. Black pebble set in a silver ring, 8 gns. at Ansel





# STARS IN THE ASCENDING





*Left:* demure dress from the first collection of a bright new team who call themselves Femme 90. Team consists of Janice Horton and Marion Cook, both of whom worked for Mary Quant, both of whom consider shapes should be simple, totally without frills or fuss. In chocolate brown crêpe with a downfall of knife pleats in front, the dress is feminized here and there with powder blue. £15 at Mary Fair. Silver and agate ring, 11 gns. at Anschel  
*Below:* scooped-out shape for the jacket of an olive green suit in lacy wool, filled in with a ruffled blouse of French mustard crêpe. Suit by new girl, Hilary Huckstepp who worked for four years designing for Marks & Spencer. Her own designs have received great acclaim, are now

selling to Liberty and Woollands. Pet hate—gimmicky clothes. This suit, 15½ gns. at Liberty. Squared-off silver bangle with giant jasper, 22 gns. at Anschel

*Opposite page:* Valerie Couldridge, one of the team of perceptive designers for the country-wide Wallis Shops, dreamed up a gentle shape for this linen-type suit, its jacket bestrewn with morning-fresh flowers in pink, daisy yellow and green, with a soft pea-green collar and skirt. 12 gns. at Wallis, London; Bournemouth; Manchester. Pink crystal straw shoes, 8½ gns. at Charles Jourdan. Silver bracelet with jade stone, 9 gns. at Anschel. Photographed on the 25th and topmost floor of Shell Centre







STARS IN THE ASCENDANT

The influence is profound, notably in art and increasingly in literature, in theatre, in music and the dance. Latest successor in a distinguished line of stage performances from a continent whose importance in world affairs grows larger daily is the African Ballet from Guinea, now at the New Victoria in London. This exuberant company—a part of Guinea's growing National Theatre—is claimed to be the most truly representative of the music and choreography of Africa. Romano Cagnoni took this picture—of the Initiation ritual in which the young girls dance appreciation of the feats of the young men who, on their great day, show off their strength and agility to their future life companions







**INFLUENCE FROM AFRICA**

# SOME MOMENTS OF TRUTH

Taking a long, hard but admittedly friendly view of the present situation in the theatre one makes a few discoveries about what seems to have vanished from the scene, as well as What's On and in which direction things may be headed. For instance, the kitchen sink school of drama is no longer with us, and I for one, don't regret its passing, but that is by the way. Intimate little revues of the kind which flourished during the war and just after it are also in eclipse, for neither *Beyond the Fringe* 1964 nor *Six of One* can really be counted in this genre.

The present scene is, I think, immensely interesting. What is now—and popular—is the analytical play in which the playwright is trying to reach some moment of truth about his characters. It may be, and generally is, a completely individual point which he makes and the audience may not always be in agreement with him over it but at least plays of this kind are successfully designed not to bewilder with their strangeness but to set one thinking and doing one's

own kind of dissection. *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*—so ferociously funny—is an example of this for here, as playwright Albee himself says, you have a peeling away of skin down, first to the bones and then to the very marrow of the bones. This is shock treatment, but it is enormously effective and a play of this nature and quality marks a really new theatrical phase.

In spite of the nature of such plays which one must, if the word is not too forbidding, call intellectual, they are not exactly what used to be called Plays with A Message. When I was young and my father, Edgar Wallace, was busy writing plays, we all subscribed heartily to the theory—American in origin, but practical in application—that if anyone had a message he could ring Western Union. Nowadays the treatment manages to be more direct and infinitely more subtle.

Another trend of today's theatre is the renaissance of fine repertory companies such as the one at the Nottingham Playhouse and of course the

relatively new National Theatre where there is enthusiastic support for a repertory which offers Shaw, Sophocles, Beckett, Shakespeare, Vanbrugh, Chekov and Ibsen. How wide can a theatre's scope get? This year with Shakespeare's quatercentenary, Stratford has reached a new peak with their production of a cycle—a century of history—of his historical plays. These productions are matchless and if they indicate any trend it is for scholarship, infinite pains and a wide vision brought to the direction. In fact, I would say that the staging of these seven plays from *Richard II* to *Richard III* in chronological order will prove to have altered permanently the whole attitude towards Shakespearean productions in this country. It can never be stiff and dull again or, if it is, there will be no excuse for it.

Seasons of foreign plays have come and gone but can you remember anything quite as dazzling as this spring and summer's Aldwych list of plays in French, Greek, German, Italian, Polish and Russian,

not to mention the Irish? There are always the constants to be observed such as the steady proportion of musicals, though I would like to point out that this year there are as many English hits among these as American ones.

Another constant is the detective story. The London theatre apparently can't do without at least a couple of these on the list, and while *The Mousetrap* is a hardy perennial and has some other affinities with the seedsman's catalogue, more seasonal productions crop up, wither and are replaced.

What of the months to come? Well, without taking to a crystal ball, it is easy enough to predict that the theatre will continue to be animated by an electric current of vitality and, while it is true, by the lively interest of the audiences on whom it relies. I don't think there ever was a time when the stage was more generally intelligent, more catholic in its range or more receptive to fresh talent—however unconventional; however revolutionary it may be.

## WHEN MUSIC MEN MEET

continued from page 670



position in one of the remaining central London orchestras, go into another form of music, or go farther out.

**G.D.L.** That brings me to the extension of my question, namely the specific fate of the Philharmonia Orchestra.

**Lord H.** It's not a question of fate yet... It was in a peculiar position, run by a private individual, Walter Legge, who not only had a great capacity and talent, but also the possibility of major patronage as he was a leading executive of the Gramophone Company (E.M.I.). The two things worked splendidly together until recently, when Mr. Legge found that diminishing opportunities through the gramophone prevented the orchestra maintaining the standard of the last 12 years. At that stage he said: "I propose to call it a day." The

orchestra not unnaturally said; "We're going to stay in being." Mr. Legge was sticking up for the standards he had been instrumental in creating, and they were sticking up for their livelihood and the circumstances they were used to. I'm personally very glad that the orchestra's still in being, now called the New Philharmonia Orchestra. It was a major orchestra, possibly the best that we have ever had in this country.

**G.D.L.** Would you say this sort of musical rationing is better organized on the Continent? For instance in Germany, where they have active orchestras scattered about in the various provincial centres?

**Lord H.** The rationing in Germany is not conscious, any more than it is here. What happens is that each town gives sufficient subsidy to maintain an orchestra, or in some cases two, to the organizations which run them.

**G.D.L.** Standard-wise, how would you say those orchestras compare with ours?

**Lord H.** The Philharmonia and the London Symphony Orchestra, day in and day out, will compete with any of the great orchestras, be it the Berlin Philharmonic, the Scala, the Vienna Philharmonic or the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam. Nor is it necessarily true to say that an orchestra in Munich or Hamburg is better than an orchestra in Manchester or Liverpool.

**G.D.L.** Can you tell me some of your plans for this year's Edinburgh Festival?

**Lord H.** Since I've been connected with the Festival, we've tried to have a theme

each year; this year we've got two or, in a way, three. One is Berlioz. Then there is an exhibition of Delacroix, and he and Berlioz together give one a view of the French romantic 19th-century. You can find a certain number of parallels between them; they show, at its best, a very important period of French creative art.

**G.D.L.** Essentially romantic?

**Lord H.** Yes. Then we have the Prague Opera coming, in an entirely Czech repertoire, which is operatically speaking very strong indeed, with composers like Smetana and Dvorak and particularly Janacek. His music is the third theme. He is an old enthusiasm of mine. I suppose this will be the most representative showing of Janacek's music in a three-week period that has been given, certainly outside Czechoslovakia. I hope people will be interested. As far as I am concerned the music absorbs me and fascinates me.

**G.D.L.** I heard you on the radio discussing whether Edinburgh really wants its Festival.

**Lord H.** The other day somebody—he was a Scot, and naturally only Scots are really qualified to pronounce about the Scots—said that the one thing a Scot likes is a good row. I don't think you would get the Scots to admit positively that they welcome the Festival because of its potential for Edinburgh or because it has good things to show the world. I don't think they would ever admit that. On the other hand, if you suggested that the logical thing was to do away with the Festival, I think you would find Edinburgh defending it like mad.





*PTARMIGAN (Lagopus rupestris rupestris) in Arctic setting. A limited edition of 350 pairs, life size in winter plumage. The original pair are in the Royal Palace, Stockholm, Sweden.*

### **Porcelain Sculpture by Edward Marshall Boehm**

EDWARD MARSHALL BOEHM'S work has achieved international recognition and some of his original pieces are in the finest collections: The White House, Elysee Palace, Smithsonian Institution, Metropolitan Museum of Art and other museums.

Available in the United Kingdom only from:—

ASPNEY & CO. LTD.,  
165/169 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

THOMAS GOODE & CO. (LONDON) LTD.,  
19 South Audley Street, London, W.1.



GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

# POP TOP

Pop goes Cilla Black with *You're My World* and a haircut as sharp as a trendsetter can make it. Vidal Sassoon cuts her hair deep into the back and saws it off across the eyes to make a satiny halo to shine in the spotlight.

This shape may become as ubiquitous as the little black dress cliché, but each one varies with the man who cuts it. Vidal Sassoon's trendy version drapes the hair into a helmet shape to give it a look the others can't copy. Under it, Cilla Black's skin gleams ghost pale, her lips wear a flower-pink lipstick, her eyes look out of a just-there haze of shadow.



**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



# THE WORLD OF THE WORDSMITH

One trend in the current literary scene so pleases me that I cannot refrain from a cheer. It is away from experiment, of which there has certainly been enough for the present, and it is even away from any kind of labels. It is a trend towards craftsmanship for its own sake.

If you are an established, or even just an accomplished writer with a back-log of published work, there seem to be four courses you are likely to pursue. You may build on a new part to an existing structure, like Anthony Powell with his *Music of Time* series, Sir Charles Snow with his Lewis Eliot books, or Richard Hughes with his tantalizing *For in the Attic*. You may look back, as Elizabeth Bowen and L. P. Hartley have lately done, to some significant episode in the rather distant past, isolate it, and re-create it. You may carry on an interminable, astringent conversation, like Iry Compton-Burnett does without ever seeming to tire, and without ever too closely repeating herself. Or you may apply your gifts to particular problems of human behaviour as, for instance, do Iris Murdoch and William Golding, whose works have a strong philosophical content.

Younger writers seem increasingly to prefer the straightforward narrative. They are influenced, in detail

rather than in structure, in phrase rather than in attitude, by what is coming from America. Once, they always appeared to be looking over their shoulders. Now, this is not so. Britain has again become something of a literary island, which at a certain stage in time was no bad thing. However, there are signs of change, and it is coming from a most interesting direction.

It has been apparent for some time that the work of the imagination, written in English in overseas countries where the language is taught, as a school subject, as a "basis of communication," not as the "native tongue," might become important. In sheer bulk, this type of work increases yearly, and it should result in developments of the greatest interest—from Africa, Asia, the Caribbean, and perhaps elsewhere. The most seminal work of its kind produced within the last few years is, I would venture, Rajah Rao's *The Serpent and the Rope*. This rich novel is written in a style fully equal to conveying the ideas, feelings and atmosphere of an ancient civilization in contact with France and England.

It is also appropriate to allude to the work of V. S. Naipaul, who is of a different background from Rajah Rao, since though of Indian blood his home is, or was, in Trinidad.

Naipaul, who lately published a novel with an English setting, *Mr. Stone and the Knights Companion*, will, I think, also affect his contemporaries. I look forward eagerly to the time when younger English writers, and those from "emergent" countries, strike continual sparks from one another and produce a series of novels reflecting the aspirations, ferment and fears of a world changing and mingling.

The more formal trend in fiction seems to me to hold true in other spheres, for instance in biography. Forty years or so ago, Lytton Strachey started a new vogue, not altogether happy, but extremely catching. His method was, in his own words, to avoid "scrupulous narration," and to attack his subject by shooting "a sudden revealing searchlight into obscure corners, hitherto undivined." It may not have been very fair, but it worked—how it worked! The practitioner was freed from every necessity but that of being bright. Now reaction is in full vigour, and it is the day of the long, careful, scrupulously documented study. One of the best of these has been Sir Roy Harrod's life of Keynes, a worthy book about a great man. Recently there have appeared the late Christopher Hassall's long books on Edward Marsh and

Rupert Brooke. Of course there is room for the crisp study as well as for the graver consideration, but at the moment the trend is towards the balanced and the serious, a remark which applies to various fields including the study of past wars.

Descending somewhat sharply in the scale of values, there is a vogue at present for what is the very opposite of the ubiquitous paper-back. It is based on the simple proposition that colour work is costly, but that colour sells. The way round is that the clever publisher chooses a subject of wide interest, such as Gardens, Pictures, Architecture, Battles (victories fairly apportioned all round), Sculpture, Superb Food, and in the course of a deft series of operations gets the plates run off in one country, the text in another, and the marketing and translation spread liberally wherever people read and buy books. Such productions are difficult to write, as I know from experience, and it seems to me that there must soon come an end to possible subjects. But these coffee-table sumptuosities add a note of grandeur to the bookish scene; and if your purse is light—well, the paper-back is all around you, and I shall not be surprised if some bright merchant does not soon produce an edible variety.

Hedgehog by Roger Cathrineau, and Young sea lion by Jürg Klages, from *The World of Camera* (Nelson, £4.15s).





# SHAPES PAST AND TO COME

Subtle though styling changes in motor cars may be, each crop of new models reveals tendencies which in sum make a five-year-old look frumpish and a ten-year-old positively antique. It is, of course, a calculated ploy by manufacturers to keep the wheels of industry turning. Hence the curvaceousness of the 50s is outmoded by the current trend towards square-ishness which the coachwork couturiers of the mid-60s in their turn are softening by bringing in a certain roundness.

This year's autumn shows will produce a crop of 1965 cars with cut-away tails and low, sloping bonnets for which public opinion has already been prepared by the *avant-garde* models of the moment. Fins that sprouted from the rear wings at the drop of a (Yankee) hat a few years ago have withered away like spring flowers. Fashion decrees that cars must look more and more alike—the styles of British, French, German and Italian bodywork resemble one another to an ever greater extent.

There are exceptions, admittedly—nobody could accuse **Mercedes-Benz** of having slavishly followed a trend in the shape of their new 600 giant which, announced last autumn, is not yet in sizeable production. Here, probably, is a timeless creation, a functional style that scorns fashion. You want the biggest thing in cars, it seems to say, and here are dimensions pushed to their uttermost. Nevertheless it has a definite appeal, this long straight line which makes the roof look low yet offers headroom for the gala uniform headgear of State occasions.

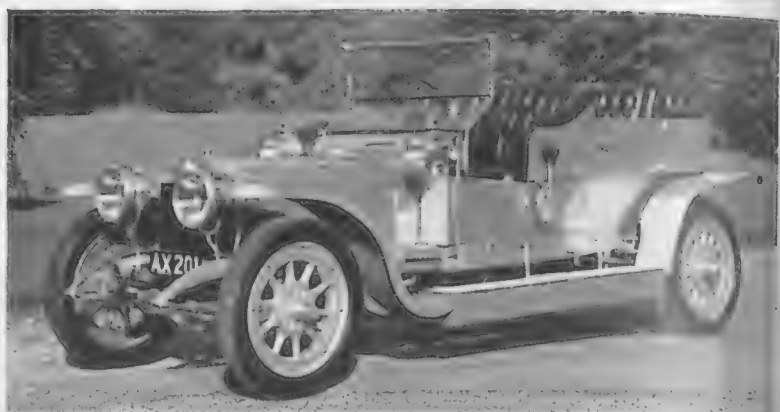
Turn then to the **Rover 2000**, from the makers of cars which have always been noted for their somewhat stern "gentlemanliness." Note the sloping roof, the cut-back tail and the swelled-out body sides. Here, surely, is a gesture towards the line that Citroen started with their DS model. Who can deny that it is not *still* stylish? In the latest Rover, as in the new **Triumph 2000**, a judicious blend of curves tempers the straight lines that have gained ground in the last year or two. The low bonnet is a further trend, one that can be well justified on the score of better

driving visibility. The rear wheels are partly shrouded; not so much as to make wheel changing awkward, as did the once fashionable "spats."

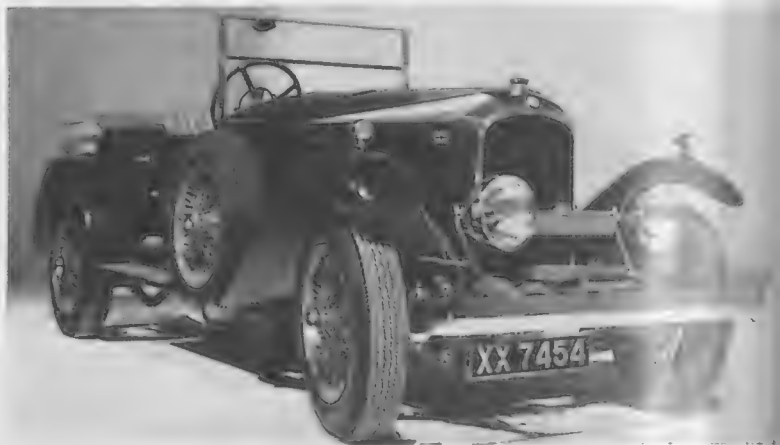
Compactness is becoming a widely recognized virtue, on the score of both parking ease and also of economy in rates on car sleeper trains and ferries. Designers are finding ways of minimizing the amount of space devoted to mechanism, so that the occupants can enjoy the lion's share of a car's overall length. We shall see more engines turned sideways and the bonnet shortened—a far cry from the days when the merits of a car were judged to be in proportion to bonnet length. Then, the engineer was cock of the automobile roost; he dictated the layout of the chassis and the bodybuilder had to do the best he could. When Rolls and Royce produced their famous **Silver Ghost** in 1907 it was the latter who really counted, providing the platform on which Rolls's customers, who paid the bill, could seat themselves within such space as the engineer graciously permitted. None the less, the overall result was a highly pleasing ensemble.

So, too, with the **30/98 Vauxhall** of 1919—there was lots of chassis and only a bare minimum of body, but how beautiful the turnout if you did not have much baggage or too many passengers to carry. Today the engineer is obliged to consider them first, and the body designer is the man who really matters; the engineer must manipulate his part of the car to suit. Is the engine too high? Then slant it sideways or make it horizontal. Is a flat floor wanted? Then let a front engine drive the front wheels, or put it at the back to drive the back wheels, and so save a propeller tunnel under the car's floor.

Soon, I quite expect, one or other of the "hatbox" engines will come along to do away with pistons and cylinders. We are on the brink of developments which will have profound repercussions on the design of all cars, and the emphasis will be on the provision of passenger room, with the necessary driving power cut down to a mere fraction of its present space. And there let us leave the shape of things to come.



The original Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost, a 6-cylinder car built in 1907 and one of the earliest agreeable shapes in motoring in the days when passengers were subservient to the machinery . . .



. . . a trend which continued in the 20s, though by that time the engineer had discovered how to make the car beautiful. This example is the Velox-bodied 1925 Vauxhall 30/98 tourer



Trend for today exemplified in the sawn-off back end and swelled-out body sides of the Rover 2000. The sloping roof also helps to move away from the recently fashionable boxy appearance . . .



. . . and even racing cars are tending towards comfort for the occupants. This Triumph Spitfire will compete at Le Mans on Saturday



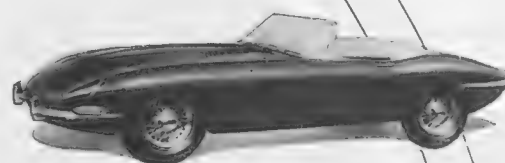
BY APPOINTMENT  
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN  
THE ROYAL WARRANT  
JAGUAR CARS LIMITED  
JAGUAR CARS LIMITED



**THE MARK TEN SALOON**  
Manual or automatic  
transmission. Prices from  
£2,022.2.1 (inc. P.T.)

## The sheer joy of Jaguar

The day you decide to own a Jaguar will be the day you rediscover the pure pleasure of motoring—the safe serenity of modern travel that transcends all the demands of long motorway journeys or the frustration of town traffic. Only the most meticulous precision in advanced engineering and design could impart the high performance, the consummate safety and the deep luxurious comfort of the Jaguar. Whether you choose the Mark Ten, the Mark 2, the 'S' model or the 'E' Type—you will not only acquire a fine possession but a special kind of motoring which no other car in the world can offer.



**THE 'E' TYPE G.T. MODELS**  
Prices from: Open Sports £1,828.15.5  
Fixed Head £1,913.7.1 (inc. P.T.)



**THE 'S' MODEL**  
Manual or automatic transmission.  
Prices from: 3.4 litre £1,669.5.5  
3.8 litre £1,758.13.9 (inc. P.T.)



**THE MARK 2 SALOON**  
Manual or automatic transmission.  
Prices from: 2.4 litre £1,347.17.1  
3.4 litre £1,462.12.11  
3.8 litre £1,556.17.11 (inc. P.T.)

London Showrooms:  
88 Piccadilly W.1



# THE COOL WORLD OF THE COOK

Kitchen trends have been to easier home catering; in the equipment line I would mention non-stick pans and domestic freezers. But the last decade has brought to the housewife more ready-made dishes than one would have thought possible. Some are quick frozen, some canned, some arrive in foil ready for heating, some are flown from France. Frozen foods have been the greatest of all aids and I believe I was the first person in this country to have a meal prepared from them in my own home.

It was some time before the Second World War and an old friend, the late Tom Scotcher, at that time managing director in this country for General Foods of America, telephoned that he was coming for dinner and bringing the raw materials. I carried out his instructions, we had our meal, and I remember saying I was sure that such foods would never take in this country. One can be wrong...

Biggest sales of some of the most expensive varieties of frozen food have been in what were known before the war as depressed areas. The reason is simple, and one can hardly criticise. In Cardiff, for example, and other districts of full employment the housewife usually works too, and finds that frozen food not only saves time but produces a better result than she could under the circumstances. So Sunday is

the time to cook a traditional dinner.

Frozen fish is not particularly new, but the choice is. Until recently many younger cooks had not come across frozen crawfish tails; we had them before the war, but suddenly they disappeared—the Americans, having more money than we, bought every one. Now they are back again and may be regarded as new. Scampi, or Dublin Bay prawns, now arrive shelled and frozen. The latest arrival in frozen shellfish is Alaskan King Crab. These monsters from the far north have claws upwards of 18 inches long. The meat is delectable. Here again, I was the first to sample this crab. The importers, Barnett's of Frying Pan Alley (lovely address!) brought me a package from the first shipment just over a year ago. Quite a few stores now stock packages of claws and other white crab meat.

Other new quick-frozen fish are smoked salmon, smoked salmon pâté and smoked fillets of eel. Young's, the shrimp people, sent me some recently and I was agreeably surprised at their goodness. Previously, I had an idea that oily fish did not freeze well. Two years ago smoked sword-fish came my way and I was not all that enamoured of it. Smoked sturgeon, however, seems to be very good.

Frozen fish—sold even by my

baker and greengrocer—was not always as handy as now. Fillets of cod, haddock and plaice used to be frozen together and one had either to wait a long time for them to defrost or more than likely damage the fillets by separating them. Now each fillet is separated from its neighbour with wax paper. Also in wax paper are boned whole plaice which the Findus people have recently introduced—a boon for the millions who like plaice but dislike bones.

Frozen whole chickens have been with us long enough, but only in recent years have frozen chicken breasts come along. These may tempt gifted cooks to practise on such dishes as *Poulet Kiev* without having the remainder of the bird to be used up.

Very new are "cooking bags"—the answer to the prayer of busy people who dislike washing up. There are even bags of ready-cooked porridge! One young man tells me that, each morning, he pops one into a saucepan of boiling water and, by the time he has finished shaving, his porridge has been heated through and is ready to be emptied and consumed.

At a tasting of French wines and cheeses at the Café Royal in London, a week or two ago, there was also a cold table which could not have been bettered anywhere, not even in France. It was fabulous. On

learning that the various dishes had been supplied by a store called Continental Corner in Kensington High Street, I visited this establishment, owned by M. Jacquet. Here I found the latest and, I think, most important new convenience foods, flown here each day by Caravelle. Within two hours of reaching Paris airport they arrive in Kensington. The products are from the Paris firm of Battendier.

There are more than 70 dishes on the Continental Corner list. These include boned chicken and duck stuffed with *pâté de foie gras*, *Jambon en Croûte* and *Pâté Campagne*; also *baguettes*, the true long "sticks" of French bread. Each comes in its own polythene bag on which are the directions for the completion of the baking. Delicious—but expensive at 2s. 6d.

Canned foods were once few and far between; now the range is wide and they come from every part of the world. Mexico, for example, sends us a whole range of excellent dishes. The sauces in cans that attract me are called "Park Lane"—Homard, Bonne Femme, Curry and Chasseur. The making of a curry sauce is quite a task, but Veeraswamy of Regent Street has quite a range of them. All one has to do is add the raw meat or chicken to one of the sauces and cook it in it.

Rich rewards for the cool cook at the Continental Corner. Delicacies there are flown in daily from France by Caravelle



# Haig in every Home

—and Handy Sizes for Picnics,  
Parties, Travelling and Abroad

**HAIG SAUCE** for Shrimps, Prawns,  
Crab, Lobster and Scampi. Mix  $\frac{1}{2}$  cream,  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tomato ketchup,  $\frac{1}{2}$  Haig with dash of  
Worcester sauce.  
Good with hard-boiled eggs too!



Don't be vague — ask for **Haig**



HAIG  
'GOLD LABEL'  
BOTTLE  
44/6

Cocktail de Crevettes...

Escargots à la Bourguignonne...

Fruits de Mer...

Truite à la Mennaise...

Scampi Provençale...

Moultot Maison...

Salmon au Gratin...

Filet au Beurre Blanc...

Steak au Poivre...

Langoustines...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

Crabmeat...

As served in the best restaurants

**The hostess with the mostest serves  
the dishiest dish — sea-fresh!**

Even if you caught the shrimps yourself, they couldn't possibly taste fresher than Young's Potted Shrimps! Even if you were the hostess with the mostest, even if you could command the services of a cordon bleu chef you couldn't offer your guests a more delectable savoury...

Young's shrimps are netted in the cold waters of English estuaries, boiled at once, shelled and cooked in butter, packed tight with butter into cartons, sealed in and quick-

frozen. And there they are. Fresh as fresh, and absolutely delicious.

Use them on toast as a savoury at your parties (dinner or cocktail). For shrimp sauce. With brown bread and butter for tea. Young's Potted Shrimps are as fresh in your frozen-food shop as they were in the sea. (So are Young's Prawns, Scampi and Crabmeat). For a new free Summer Recipe Leaflet write to: Dept. TT6, Young's Potted Shrimps Ltd., 9 Lower Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

**Young's**

*Gifted  
giving at*

**DEBENHAM  
& FREEBODY**

This beautiful smoking set is carved in real Mexican white onyx. The Colibri table lighter with a gold flash mechanism has a 3-year gas capacity.

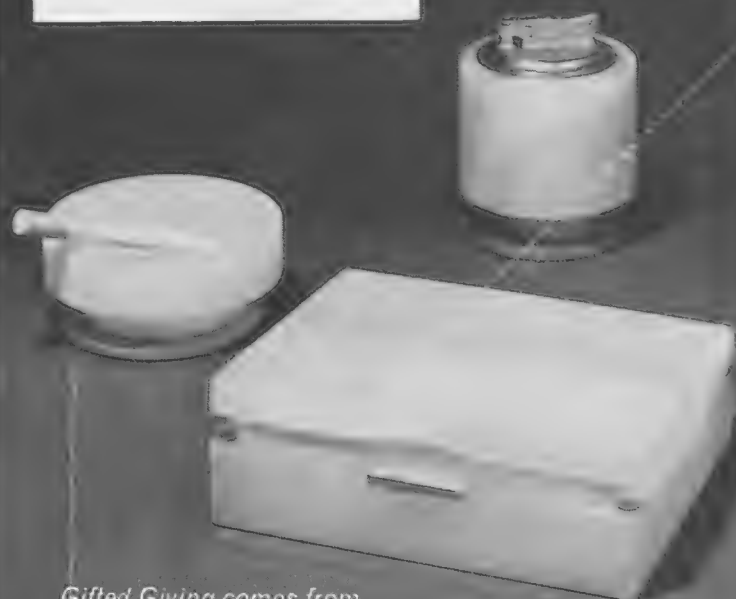
£12. 15. 0.

Round matching ashtray

£12. 0. 0.

The cigarette box holds approximately 50 king-size cigarettes.

£12. 10. 0.



Gifted Giving comes from  
going to Debenham & Freebody, WIGMORE STREET, W.1





**SOMETIMES I FEEL  
LIKE SWIMMING**



**SOMETIMES I DON'T...  
(but I use Tampax anyway)**

You play it the way you want it on the beach. But you always play it cool ... clean ... fresh ... with Tampax. Tampax can't show. No chafing, no irritation, no odour. No extra perspiration problems. No disposal problems. In fact, Tampax all but takes all the problems out of problem days. Why be a sit-at-home when you could be in the swim? Use Tampax internal sanitary protection and be sure, secure, confident, comfortable!

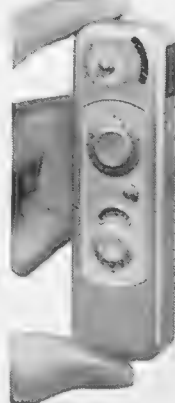
In 2 absorbencies (Regular and Super). Available in standard 10's, and the new Economy 40's at substantial saving. Tampax Limited, Havant, Hants.



*Invented by a doctor—  
now used by millions of women*

## The little Minox B

Size  $3\frac{7}{8}$  ins. x  $1\frac{1}{8}$  ins. x  $\frac{5}{8}$  in., weight  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ozs.  
Finger-sized, the ideal "spy" camera for candid, true-to-life shots as well as general photography.



### for Big pictures

semi-automatic exposure, f/3.5 high-definition Complan lens; shutter speeds  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1/1000th sec., close-ups down to 8 ins. Flash synchronised—gives you colour or black and white shots that will enlarge to postcard size or larger. £79/12/8 with case and measuring chain.

## Wallace Heaton

We have all Minox equipment, and process Minox film in our own Laboratories. Advice, information and leaflets on request.

## For Great service

including everything you need for better photography.

127 New Bond St., London, W.1

MAYfair 7511

and 6 branches in the West End  
and City of London



BY APPOINTMENT TO  
HER MAJESTY  
THE QUEEN  
SUPPLIERS OF  
PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT  
WALLACE HEATON LTD.



*I LOVE*  
**GASTON  
de  
LAGRANGE**

**so distingué**

(anyone who's anyone in France  
knows Gaston de Lagrange!)  
**3 Star and V.S.O.P. Cognac**

*The best  
gift of all . . .*

. . . for a friend or relative, at home or overseas . . . a subscription to TATLER! 52 issues plus the magnificent Christmas Number—a splendid gift that is a constant reminder of you as it arrives week after week. And we enclose a greetings card, with the first issue, giving your name as the sender. The cost: £7-14-0 (overseas £8-10-0). Just ask your newsagent or write to The Publisher, Tatler, Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2, enclosing your cheque.

*Persian  
Carpet  
Georgian  
Silver*

**VIENNESE COFFEE**



You and Blue-Danube make the evening memorable. Offer an informal cup of Blue Danube Viennese coffee as a memorable touch of elegance in a relaxed evening. Distinctive, mellow Viennese coffee has been world-famous for 300 years.

Blue Danube is blended in the traditional Viennese manner with a thimbleful of fig seasoning which, tasteless in itself, brings out the full flavour of best quality coffee.

Ask for Blue Danube light Breakfast Roast and rich After Dinner Roast—also in a fine Espresso grind—wherever good coffee is sold. It's vacuum-sealed for perfect freshness.

**Blue  
Danube  
Viennese Coffee**

Gloria Products Limited  
125 Parkway N.W.1



COLD WATER WILL CLEAR YOUR PALATE. PLAYER'S TIPPED WILL PLEASE IT.

There's something very familiar about this new cigarette.  
And if you're half the smoker we think you are,  
you'll recognise it first puff.

That's right. It's the taste.

It comes through nice and even, redolent of really  
good tobacco. Most enjoyable and quite unmistakable.

It's that famous Player's taste.

And this is the only *tipped* cigarette that's got it.

That's why it's called Player's *Tipped*.

20 cost 4/1d.





# MEET IN THE PATIO AT THE LONDON HILTON



Someone to meet and nowhere good enough to meet them? Just say: "The Patio at the London Hilton". Open all day for coffee, afternoon teas – and cocktails (during licensing hours for non-residents, any time for hotel guests), the Patio is next best to sitting in the sunshine waiting for someone to turn up. Wide open out-of-doors atmosphere, with its crazy-paving design carpet, cool marble walls and tables, flowers, trees and outdoor lighting, it's on the second floor at the London Hilton. When they arrive, pretend they weren't late and take them to the adjacent International Restaurant for a globetrotting gourmet's choice of the finest food in Town.

**GO INTERNATIONAL—STAY HILTON**

## LONDON HILTON

**HILTON HOTELS IN**  
Berlin • Cairo • Madrid  
Amsterdam • Athens  
Rotterdam • Istanbul  
Tehran • Rome

Also in the Caribbean, the Pacific, Latin America and in 29 cities in the United States. Ring the Hilton Reservation Service at Hyde Park 5888 to make immediate reservations at any Hilton Hotel around the world, or contact your travel agent.





**But for those who prefer a drier sherry  
the picture is still confused.**

To connoisseurs of cream sherry, life is enviably straightforward. They know they can't do better than collect Harveys Bristol Cream.

But how about those who prefer a drier sherry? Some are still searching through a welter of names and labels for a brand they can happily live with.

Others have already found it: Harveys Bristol Dry.

It's blended with the same skill and care as Bristol Cream, and it has a dryish flavour so mature and well-rounded that people who can't agree about anything else will admit that, chilled or unchilled, the flavour of Bristol Dry is beyond criticism.



**HARVEYS BRISTOL DRY**





BY APPOINTMENT  
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN  
GOLDSMITHS & CROWN JEWELLERS,  
GARRARD & CO. LTD., LONDON

# Jewellery... by GARRARD



- A Sapphire and diamond Brooch, mounted in 18 ct. gold. £580.  
B Emerald, diamond clip-on Brooch, mounted in platinum and 18 ct. gold. £1,100.  
C Ruby, diamond and enamel Brooch, mounted in 18 ct. gold. £495.  
D Diamond and 18 ct. gold Brooch. £565.  
E Watch by Bueche Girod with ruby, sapphire and diamond cover on multicoloured gold bracelet. Price on application.  
F Ruby sapphire and diamond Brooch mounted in 18 ct. gold. £250.  
G Diamond and 18 ct. gold Bracelet. £1,080.  
H Sapphire and diamond Brooch, mounted in 18 ct. gold. £467.10.0.  
J Carbochon ruby and diamond Brooch, mounted in 18 ct. gold. £770.

For further indication of the unique jewellery by the Company please write for the new jewellery catalogue. It is only necessary to write the word "Gifts" on a post card, add your name and address and a catalogue will be despatched to you.

**GARRARD** The Crown Jewellers

112 REGENT STREET W1 · REGENT 7020





Take a bottle of cool **BLUE GRASS**  
Twine snow flowers in your tresses  
And begin an enchanting summer

Elizabeth Arden's Blue Grass collection includes Blue Grass Flower Mist, Perfumair, Puff-Puff Dusting Powder, Flower Mist Spray, Hand Lotion, Dusting Powder, Soap, Hair Spray, and always remember Blue Grass Perfume.



By Appointment to  
Her Majesty the Queen  
Supplier of Cosmetics  
Elizabeth Arden Limited

*Elizabeth Arden*

25 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON W1.



By Appointment to  
H.M. Queen Elizabeth  
The Queen Mother  
Supplier of Cosmetics  
Elizabeth Arden Limited

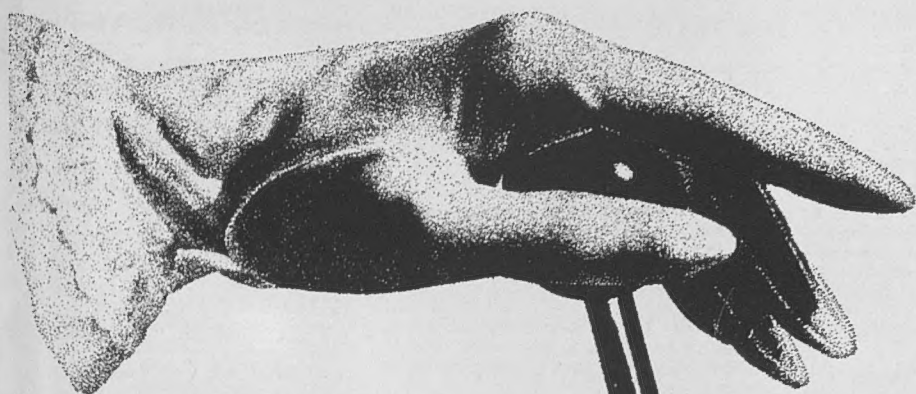


# above all **SENIOR SERVICE** satisfy



SENIOR SERVICE 20  
**SENIOR SERVICE**  
FINE VIRGINIA  
**NOW IN THE NEW PACK**

Here is Britain's outstanding cigarette. Famous for its tobacco—the coolest smoking Virginia—and always really firmly packed. Here is any smoker's natural first choice. For, above all, Senior Service Satisfy.



30 50 70 90

Enjoy the  
**EXTRA**  
performance



Rates: 1/- a word (minimum charge 15/-). Box number 1/6. Semi-display, £4 per column inch. Series discount: 10% for 6, 20% for 13 insertions. Please write advertisement in BLOCK letters and send with remittance to Tatler (Classified Advertisements), 13-15 John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2 (TRA 7020). Cheques &c payable to Illustrated Newspapers Ltd.

## Classified advertisements

### PERSONAL

**GENEALOGICAL**, Family history and heraldic research and artwork. Achievements Ltd., 58 Northgate, Canterbury, Kent.

**MIN. PRICE PAID** for Antique Revolver weighing over 4 lb! All COLTS and similar revolvers, Duelling pistols, Muskets, Rifles, Cannon etc. sold at the highest prices. Kesterton, 100 Strand, Cheltenham. Phone 2914.

**HERALD SCHOOL OF DESIGN**. 12-week concentrated lecture courses in Interior Design (classical and modern), Architecture, furniture, antiques. Also practical design classes. Next course starts 5th October, 1964. Details: 10 Bedford Street, S.W.3. KNIGHTSBRIDGE 0568.

**IMMEDIATE ADVANCES**, £50 to £100. No security, REGIONAL TRUST Ltd., 8 Clifford Street, New Bond Street, W. Telephone REG 5983 and REG 2914.

**SHARING LADIES** sharing Flats can also share a refrigerator from REFRIGERATOR RENTALS. TER 9794.

**DO YOU WRITE?** Then write for details. Send for "Writers' Handbook" by detailing countless opportunities for beginner or experienced. Writers' Bureau (T), 5 Edmund Street, Birmingham.

**FOR YOUR FRIENDS** as a temporary secretary through STELLA FISHER REAU in the Strand.

**ATTRACTIVELY DESIGNED** slim-line Latex Rubber and Patent Leather wear. For brochure write to: NATURAL RUBBER COMPANY, 17, 6 Middleton Buildings, Langham Place, London W.1. Tel. MUSeum 6089.

### PERSONAL

**SELL TO CORNELL**, Jewellers in Maidstone since 1796, enthusiastic buyers of all jewellery, modern or Victorian, household silver and plate. Will call anywhere and make immediate attractive offer. G. Cornell & Sons Ltd., 12-14 Gabriel's Hill, Maidstone. Tel. 3150.

**POEMS WANTED**. Send Sample(s) without obligation enclosing S.A.E. to: Dept. TT, Arcadian Agency, Egremont, Cumberland.

**CONFIDENTIALLY**—Highest prices for unwanted jewellery. Post or phone—Resners' Diamond House, Hatton Garden. HOLborn 2231.

**MIGRAINE?** Lasting relief has been found. Write ex-sufferer (M.A. Cantab.). Box 651.

**LEARN FLOWER ARRANGING** at home with a specially prepared Course by Constance Spry. Full details from Institute of Domestic Arts, Dept. 620, Parkgate Road, S.W.11.

**PRINTING AT LESS COST** than duplicating and what speed! William Kempner Ltd., 36 Brooke Street, E.C.1. CHA 3588.

**CONVALESCENCE OR JUST A REST**. Luxurious surroundings. Private Beach. Treatments. Medical staff. Brochure Craigwell House, Aldwick, Sussex. Phone Pagham 50.

**LONDON CLUB** has vacancies for town and country members. Moderate subscription. Swimming pool, squash courts, cocktail lounges, restaurant—wine, food and service of the highest standard. Accommodation with private bath. Apply SECRETARY, WHITE HOUSE CLUB, Regent's Park, N.W.1.

### PERSONAL

**LEARN BRIDGE** in a happy atmosphere. Personal tuition at home or in class. Mrs. G. BALMER. FRE 8836.

**"HOW TO FIND US"** maps prepared. A. Fyfe, Bourne Chambers (J), St. Peter's Road, Bournemouth 25226.

**GENUINE BEESWAX CANDLES**, handmade, can be tailor-made for fitting on your antique candlesticks. Made by craftsmen of firm established since 1730. Francis Tucker, 129 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

**CASHMERE SWEATERS AND SKIRTS** to match in most beautiful new colours and styles by BALLANTYNE. Coloured brochure on request. THE BOND STREET BOUTIQUE LTD., 99 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

**£100 FIRST PRIZE!** Over 100 others! Send for free entry form for easy letter contest—plus free "Know-How Guide to Writing Success". No sales—No Fees Training. Free "Writer" Subscription; also two fully-bound writing encyclopaedias. B. A. School of Successful Writing Ltd. (T), 124 New Bond Street, London, W.1. MAYfair 4176.

**FANCY DRESS COSTUMES FOR HIRE**. Bermans, the Film and Theatrical Costumiers. Specialising in Fancy Dresses for children. Terms on application Department T.B.32. M. BERMAN LTD., 18 Irving Street, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

**CHINESE COOKING** taught privately by appointment. Write for details of courses and fees. Box No. 875.

**MASSAGE TREATMENT**—visiting only. MR. BARKER. Phone 8 a.m.—2 p.m.

### PERSONAL

**SAVILE ROW CLOTHES**. Cancelled export orders direct from eminent tailors Hawkes & Curtis, P. G. Anderson, Strickland, etc. Suits, overcoats from 10 gns. Ladies' Hunting and Riding Coats, Breeches, etc. REGENT DRESS CO. (2nd Floor lift), 14 Dover Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1. HYDe Park 7180.

**RUSH-SEATED** chairs from £4/15/-. Tables, £35. Rush Matting 2/- sq. ft. Sample and brochure. Dept. TAT 60, Rooksmoor Mills, Stroud, Glos.

**ANTIQUÉ ENGAGEMENT RINGS AND DRESS RINGS** combine distinction and quality with good value at Green's Antique Galleries, 117 Kensington Church Street, W.8. Open all day Saturdays.

**NAIL-BITING**. End this beauty evil and anti-social habit. New technique. Recommended by Beauty Editors. Booklet 6d. FILTEX LTD. (Dept. E.R.), CANTERBURY. (The original Nail Culture Specialists. Established 40 years).

**WIGS** and all beautiful hair additions. You should consult Arthur of Baker Street. World-famous for solving all your hair problems. Recommended by the National Press, 7 Baker Street, W.1. (WELbeck 3306, 0060), 292 Kensington High Street, W.14. (WESTern 3631/2).

**HAIR**. Undetectable wigs for Street wear. Ladies or Gentlemen. Private or National Health. Confidential. Labar, 87 Belmont Hill, London, S.E.13.

**SAILCLOTH CLOTHING** by Rockall. Illustrated brochure from Burne's Showroom, Bosham, Sussex.



# PERSONAL

**ADVANCES** £100-£25,000 Without Security. **THE EDGWARE TRUST LTD.**, 28 Mount Street, Park Lane, London, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 0751, HYDe Park 6452.

**DEANS VENETIAN BLINDS** add a distinctive touch to your home. Deans of Putney, VANDyke 3142.

**DINE IN EDINBURGH'S** historic Grassmarket at the **BEEHIVE INN RESTAURANT**. Fine cuisine and wines.

**EARLY SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS** wanted. Details to A. Frank, Saltmarket, Glasgow.

**THINNING HAIR** is easily hidden by modern hair work. Private consultations without obligation. Details under plain cover. **Wig Artists Ltd.**, 38 George Street, London, W.1. REGent 0136.

**PORTRAITS AND LANDSCAPES**, etc. painted in oils from your transparencies or photographs. Moderate fees. De Neige, 2 Upperton Gardens, Eastbourne, Sussex.

**FOR WEDDINGS AND SOCIALS**. Have your serviettes attractively printed with name or personal greetings: 8/6 five dozen. Samples 6d. **M.O.S.S. LTD.**, (Dept. L.), 198 South Coast Road, PEACEHAVEN, Sussex.

**WANTED**. Mink, Leopard and Squirrel coats in any condition. Part exchange, if required. Call or write **BENNETT**, 19 South Molton Street, W.1. MAY 2757.

**TOP QUALITY NYLONS** by well-known makers—up to 3/5 a pair saving. Shade Card and details from **Nylons Unlimited**, Dept. T, Bath.

**WEEKENDS BY THE RIVER** . . . quiet peaceful meadow-lands. Golf, riding or tennis . . . lazing on the lawn. In the library in the evening, perfect end to happy days—Mumm champagne. Mumm for champagne occasions. **Cordon Rouge Extra Dry**; or **Cordon Vert Rich**.

**PERSONAL LOANS** of £50 to £5,000 are granted by **Finestones Limited** of 5 Mill Street, Bedford, and of 7 Queen Victoria Road, High Wycombe, Bucks.

**RENT FREE HOLIDAYS!** Write for details **HOLIDAY HOMEXCHANGE LTD.**, FS, 4 Blenheim Street, London, W.1.

## JEAN CONN

Always something new in off the peg and Couture. Cocktail and evening wear and jewelled separates.

Also Teens and Twenties High Fashion by Ruth Conn.

All models exclusive to us.

36 South Molton Street, W.1.

MAYfair 0923.

## SERVICE FOR ADVERTISERS

who prospect for business, canvass for custom and promote good 'customer relations' by print and post (direct mail).

**Barrington Bree THE SALESLETERSMITH**  
25 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. GERrard 6881

## REPLIES TO BOX NUMBERS

should be addressed to

Box No.  
**TATLER**  
Ingram House  
13-15 John Adam Street  
Adelphi  
LONDON, W.C.2.



"Imagine, if you will, hundreds of torn and mangled ponies, cattle and donkeys. 349 animals killed or mutilated, 53 motorists injured was last year's toll on the New Forest roads. We fight to end this needless suffering but cannot without funds." Please send all you can spare to:—

**THE NEW FOREST SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF STRAYING ANIMALS**  
Palfreylands, Dibden Purlieu, Southampton

# PERSONAL

**GUESTS FOR DINNER**—My dear, my sideboard frigg. solved all my servant problems—it really is silent and gives inconspicuous service—our guests were most impressed. Details of this quality furnishing for your home from **Worledge Board Room Furniture Ltd.**, 12 Liverpool Street, London, E.C.2.

**INTERIOR DESIGNER** undertakes planning, conversions, colour schemes and choice of furniture and accessories for houses, flats, etc. Part, or complete supervised service. **MARY BILTON LTD.**, 8 Montagu Mews South, London, W.1. AMB 7052.

**SELLING JEWELLERY?** Hayes, the famous Hatton Garden Jewellers, offer you the following record prices: £5-£2,500 for One-, Two-, Three- or Five-Stone Diamond Rings; £10-£100, Gold Cigarette Cases; £10-£100, Solid Silver Tea Sets and Trays; £20-£500, Diamond Watches and Eternity Rings; £5-£55, Gold Pocket Watches and Chains; £3-£25, Solid Silver Sports Cups and Trophies. Up to £5,000 for Diamond and Precious Stone Rings, Brooches, Bracelets, and Ear-rings, etc. Valuations by Qualified Expert (Fellow Gemmological Association). If you cannot call personally send your parcel by registered post. It will be quite safe and you will receive an immediate cash offer with no obligation to sell. **M. HAYES & SONS LTD.**, Diamond House, 37 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1. HOLborn 8177.

**WHY PAY MORE** Estate Duty than you need. You can leave more to your heirs and have a greater income in your lifetime. Write **H. Clarkson (Life & Pensions) Ltd.** (Ref. T/2), Ilex House, Minories, London, E.C.3.

**EXPERIENCED AND RELIABLE** buyers of Old Gold, Silver and Jewellery. Send registered post or call. **ARMY AND NAVY STORES**, Westminster, London, S.W.1. Phone VICToria 1234.

**SOMEONE YOU KNOW** will celebrate a birthday or anniversary soon? Your problem of what to give is happily solved with a subscription to **TATLER**. 52 issues plus the Christmas Number—a splendid gift that is a constant reminder of you as it arrives every week of the year. And we enclose a greetings card, with the first issue, giving your name as sender. The cost? £7/14/- (overseas £8/10/-), or, for a 6-month subscription, £3/19/- (overseas £4/7/-). Just write to Dept. P.C., **TATLER**, Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, London, W.C.2, enclosing your cheque.

**A MODEL COURSE** gives her that essential grooming, finishing and poise. Day/Evening series at 12 gns. **Christine Shaw**, 11 Old Bond Street, W.1. Telephone MAY 3884/5.

**SEND US YOUR FAVOURITE** photograph or negative. We will enlarge (8½ in. x 6½ in.) and colour it for 30/-. C.O.D. Please include full details of colours required. **Art Studios**, 108 Victoria Road, Cleveleys, Lancs.

**YOUR PROBLEMS SOLVED**. Debts collected—**S. A. E. JACKSON**, 4 Stocks Avenue, Boughton, Chester—or phone 29365.

**HATS SPECIALLY DESIGNED** for Weddings and Garden Parties are now being shown at **Renée Dax**, 17 Beauchamp Place, KENSington 4474.

**CUSTOM DESIGN FURNISHINGS** can help you plan your home. 65 Acacia Road, St. Johns Wood. PRI 7607.

**BOOKS**, pre-1800; also literary autographs. **WANTED**. **Stevens & Brown Ltd.**, 79 Duke Street, London, W.1. Est. 1864.

**YVONNE ARNAUD** as Pianist and Actress. New 12-in. LP Record RLP 10 (EMI). Introductions by Sir John Barbirolli and Freddy Grisewood. Soloist with Barbirolli and String Orchestra; scene from 'Travellers' Joy', etc. "Delightful . . . enchanting . . . a classic" (*Daily Mail*). Price 37/6 (inc. P.T.), p.p. 2/6. **Yvonne Arnaud Theatre Trust**, 240 High Street, Guildford, or leading record retailers. Proceeds to Building Fund.

**MORTGAGES** for professional men. 100 per cent immediate loans. Remortgages and second mortgages a speciality. Apply **Hetherington, Shave & Strudwick Limited**, 51 Minories, London, E.C.3. ROYal 5353.

# HOTELS

**TROON, Scotland.** **THE MARINE HOTEL**. Overlooking two Golf Courses and without equal on the West Coast of Scotland. Luxurious suites. Private baths. Superb cuisine. Illustrated brochure available. **K. Vilvandre**, Director. Tel. TROON 980.

**LOCH AWE HOTEL**, magnificently situated by Ben Cruachan (3,689 ft.) in unspoilt surroundings with finest view in the West Highlands. Ideal centre for touring **HISTORIC ARGYLL**—easy reach Oban. Excellent facilities for fishing and recreation. Direct sleepers from Euston to Loch Awe Station. Brochure, map of district on application or Tel. Dalmally 261.

**LLANDUDNO, N. Wales.** **ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL**. Up-to-date and in the first flight of seaside hotels of the 'sixties'. Best for comfort, cuisine, entertainment. Tel. 77544. **Ashley Courtenay** Recommended.

**NORTH PEMBROKESHIRE: COMPTON HOUSE HOTEL** (A.A. licensed), Fishguard—an intriguingly 'different' small hotel ideally situated for discovering this still unspoilt coastline. From 10 gns. D.P. Brochure. Tel. 3365.

**THE KENSINGTON HOTEL**. Centrally situated, every amenity and comfort, excellent food, new lounge. B/B from 45/-. Club Restaurant open till midnight with dancing. 118 Queen's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KNI 1752.

**BARTON-ON-SEA**, nr. Bournemouth. **VENTANA HOTEL**. A.A. & R.A.C. A small exclusive hotel on sea edge. 2 minutes golf course. Highly recommended for its cuisine and comfort. Brochure on request. New Milton 1309.

**CORK, ASHBURNE HOUSE HOTEL**, GLOUNTHAUNE. Elegant home of famous 12-acre Ashbourne Gardens. Central heating. Licensed. 14 bedrooms. Golf 1 mile. Cork 7. Brochure. Phone Glanmire 150.

**RELAX** in your own beautiful Country. Sunshine and Peace, superb views and sheltered gardens. Modernised Georgian Manor, away from roads and traffic noise, within five minutes motoring from the City of Bath. Ground floor suite. Fine rooms with or without private bath. Central heating. Restaurant service. Licensed. Free parking. **Combe Grove Hotel**, Monkton Combe. Combe Down 3341.

**ADELPHI HOTEL, EAST CLIFF, BOURNEMOUTH**. R.A.C. \*\*\* A.A. Excellent cuisine. Late Dining Service. Fully licensed. Two bars. Dancing. 60 bedrooms all with private bathrooms and toilets. Comfortable lounges. Tel. 26546.

**LAZY LUXURY!** Excellent Eating! Splendid Service. Guaranteed at the **GEORGE HOTEL**, Yarmouth. I.O.W. Tel. 331. Overlooking the Solent.

**COMFORT PERSONIFIED** AT **TORQUAY'S NEWEST MEDIUM SIZE LUXURY HOTEL**. A la Carte Cuisine and finest Wines. Terms reasonable. Colour brochure on request. **ASTRA HOUSE**. Tel. 27612/3.

**GALASHIELS, KINGSKNOWES HOTEL**. Good food and wine. A.A., R.A.C., centrally heated accommodation: every comfort, fully licensed. **Galashiels 2568**.

## GLOUCESTER HOTEL WEYMOUTH

Famous since George III's reign for comfort, cuisine and "cellar." Sunnily positioned overlooking Weymouth Bay and always in season. A.A. 3-star. Tel. 404.

## MARINE HOTEL

**SALCOMBE, S. DEVON**  
for the  
Complete Holiday De Luxe

Tel. 2251

# EXHIBITIONS

**NEW ART CENTRE**, 41 Sloane Street, S.W.1. **EDWARD GIOBBI**—Recent Paintings. Open daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1.

# HOTELS ABROAD

**HOTEL PEZ ESPADA**, Torremolinos, Sunny Coast, Spain. The leading de luxe hotel. Best location on the beach.

**ATALAYA PARK HOTEL**, Marbella-Estepona, Costa del Sol, newest and most modern luxury resort; on the beach, overlooking golf course, swimming pool, every sporting facility. Superb French cuisine, all amenities. Airports Malaga or Gibraltar (40 miles). Cables: hotalaya, marbella.

## HOLIDAY ACCOMMODATION

**HISTORICAL CASTLE**, far from the madding crowd, offers peace, comfort and good food; excellent beaches, bass fishing, golf nearby. **Bargy Castle**, Tomhaggard, Co. Wexford, Ireland. Tel. Tomhaggard 3.

**ROTTINGDEAN**. Beautifully furnished flat available now. One minute seafont. Every comfort: sleep 4. Linen, etc., garage. Box No. 880.

**CORNWALL PAINTING HOLIDAYS**. House overlooking harbour. Tuition, accommodation. **Jean Marshall**, (Slade Diploma), Bull Hill, Fowey.

## BINOCULARS

**ROSS BINOCULARS**. The new 8 x 40 centre focus model complete with case offered at £17/17/- and on 14 days free trial. Write **Charles Frank**, Saltmarket, Glasgow.

## EDUCATIONAL

### THE LANGUAGE TUITION CENTRE'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE

for Diploma Courses in comprehensive secretarial practice or in combined secretarial and foreign-language training. Full information from the Principal 26-32 OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1. Telephone: LANGham 195 & 605.

**TANTE MARIE SCHOOL OF COOKERY**, Woking (4050). Principal: **Iris Syrett**. One year's **Cordon Bleu/Arts Menagers Diploma** and three months' Cuisine Courses for girls. Refresher courses in French cookery.

### ST. GODRIC'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE

**RESIDENT AND DAY STUDENTS**  
2 Arkwright Road, London, N.W.3  
Tel. HAMpsstead 9831

Principal: **J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.)**. Variety of courses for a secretarial career available to English and foreign girls. Next term begins 9th September, 1964.

### OXFORD AND COUNTY SECRETARIAL COLLEGE

34 St. Giles, Oxford.  
Tel. 55966.

Comprehensive secretarial training, including English and French shorthand, typewriting, book-keeping and languages. Prospectus on application.

**RESIDENTIAL SECRETARIAL AND LANGUAGE COURSES**. G.C.E. examinations all levels, sports facilities, delightful country near London. Apply: **The Principal**, Paddock Wood Finishing School, Lightwater, Surrey. Telephone: Bagshot 3252.

### MARLBOROUGH GATE SECRETARIAL COLLEGE

62 Bayswater road, LONDON, W.2

First-class training for personal secretarial appointments for well-educated girls. Individual attention. Foreign languages. For prospectus and interview apply Principal, Miss G. T. Wesley. Telephone AMB 3900.

## Speedwriting THE a,b,c, SHORTHAND

Shorthand training to diploma level takes 6 to 8 weeks at a School of Speedwriting. Also 5-month secretarial and personal tutorial Home Study courses available. Schools in London and Bristol, for information write or phone the Registrar.

**LONDON SCHOOL OF SPEEDWRITING**  
Room 97, Avon House, 356-366 Oxford Street, London, W.1. HYD 3401



## ENTERTAINMENT

**PUNCH & JUDY, MAGIC,** Puppets, ventriloquism for children of all ages. Tom Kemp. HAMstead 2688.

**CHILDREN'S PARTIES.** Ernest and April Castro entertain the eminent Novelty Conjuring, Talking Rabbits, Teddy Bears, Guitar, Spectacular Finale. Photobrochure. 273 Sheen Lane, S.W.14. Prospect 6501.

**PUPPETS IN WONDERLAND**—your child's dreamworld come true.—Party Hosts, Magicians—CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT BUREAU. MAY 2065.

**CLAYTON ORCHESTRAS** for your hall or private dance. 47 Montpelier Walk, S.W.7. KNI 1916.

**SMETHING DIFFERENT.** Sandy Sandford's delightfully different children's show. In or out-of-doors. They'll be every minute—so will you. Write to telephone Koorringa Cottage, Upper Hatfield 2544.

**MAKE YOUR PARTY** a fantastic success with a top beat group. GERRARD 4653. SUNnyhill 2767 evening.

**TAPPER AND HIS AMBASADOR ORCHESTRA**, playing leading tunes; Charity Balls, Ladies' Festivals, Associations, Cabaret Acts, West End Shows. "Elmerfoff", Church Hill, Weymouth, BYWood 2919.

**THE FUGITIVES**, beat group of Ritz, Bridges, Hyde Park, Dorchester, Hurlingham Club fame, wish to make your party the best in town. GRE 5051.

**T TOVENAAR**, London's outstanding children's entertainer. Con-juring, ventriloquism. Punch & Judy, puppets. Any distance. 17B Ballard's Lane, N.3. FIN 8821.

PRIVATE PARTY  
CATERING

**ANT Balls, Weddings, Charity and** private dances. **POSTERS ROOMS**, 77 Small Street, Bristol, 1. Tel. 24644.

**BEVETT LTD. OF RUGBY, THE** CATERING SPECIALISTS, will be pleased to quote for your special party, dinner-out, Ball, or Wedding Reception. Personal attention to every party. Tel. 4173.

**LEGAN'S PERSONAL SERVICE** CATERING for your Wedding, Birth-day, Dance or Cocktail Party. Your problems smoothed away by experts. Tel. 4173. WAKEFORD & THREW, 171 Earls Court Road, S.W.5. Ement 8725.

## RESTAURANTS

**CONTACTAR** and fabulous NEW British Cabaret at CASA PEPE, 155 HAM COURT, CHELSEA. WISE BOOK. Tel. KENSington 7749.

**THE WITHIES INN**, Compton, nr. Oxford, so well known for their cold beer, are happy to serve luncheon in the garden, weather permitting. Open for lunch and dinner 7 days a week. Reservations Godalming 1158.

**COMPANA RISTORANTE**, 31 Marylebone High Street. WEL 5507. New Italian Restaurant. Exciting Italian food. DINE BY CANDLELIGHT IN ROMANTIC TAVERNETTA. Open (except Sundays) 12 noon to 3 p.m. and 7 p.m. to midnight. Licensed. Good parking facilities.

Deliciously French!

**Le P'tit Montmartre**

Excellent wines, good cuisine, gay decor and the gentle guitar.  
Res: WEL 2992 and WEL 2482  
15 Marylebone Lane, Wigmore St, W.1  
Open to 12.30 a.m. (last orders 11.15 p.m.)  
DAILY 6.30 to 11.30 p.m. Lunch Mon-Fri

## REMOVALS

**ALLTRANSPORT LTD.** Continental and Overseas Removal specialists, OCEAN HOUSE, LITTLE WINDY LANE, LONDON, E.C.4. Telephone: CEN. 5200.

## FOR THE EPICURE

**SALARAD MAYONNAISE.** Fresh lemon juice added. For salads, sauces and sandwiches

**WINES AND SPIRITS.** Write for new wholesale price list to: Coronet Wines (Wholesale) Ltd., 20 Coronet Street, N.1. SHO 3124.

## FAITES ATTENTION!

A QUALITY CHAMPAGNE  
AT A DIRECT PRICE

Good champagne does not have to be expensive. GIESLER—famous since 1838—imported for over 100 years is a fine, dry blanc de blancs premier cuvée from Avize, France, delivered direct from bond to YOUR address by the CASE ONLY.

**EXTRA SUPERIOR BRUT:** 235/- per case (i.e. 19/7 per bottle)

**1955 VINTAGE BRUT:** 275/3 per case (i.e. 22/11 per bottle)

**1952 VINTAGE BRUT:** 284/- per case (i.e. 23/8 per bottle)

Sample bottle may be obtained at a delivery surcharge of 5/9 on the cost of a single bottle. Write sole U.K. agents—rush orders may be telephoned to MONarch 3721.

**MACDONALD HALL & CO. LTD.**  
Room L, 38 Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2.

## TAILORING

**SHIRTS TO MEASURE** from 32/6d. Wide choice of patterns from L. Garstang Ltd., 213 Preston New Road, Blackburn.

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN**, your own material hand cut and beautifully tailored for only £7/10/-. Send for style chart and self-measure form. Also D.B. dinner jackets remade into S.B. Shawl Collar. CRAIG AND SMITH, 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, C.1.

## DRESSMAKING

**BRING** your materials to **MAYA OF MAYFAIR**. Couture dressmaker. Prompt service, 68 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.1. MAY 3865.

**CHINESE COUTURE.** Oriental Fashions. Miss K. Sung, 1 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. KNIghtsbridge 5953. Made to measure, ready to wear, clients' own material made up.

## DRESS AGENCIES

**VOGUE BRITAIN'S LARGEST BUYERS**, purchase up-to-date day gowns, suits, coats, hats, lingerie. Parcels by post for offer. 59 Kensington Church Street, W.8. WESTern 3291.

**WE BUY MODERN LADIES' WEAR:** Coats, Dresses, Suits. Large sizes particularly required. Also Furs and Sheepskin Coats. Cash paid, post refunded. Central Buying Depot (R. Davis), 40A North Street, Brighton, Sussex.

## PORTRAITS

**YOUR PORTRAIT** painted from photo. Canvas 20 x 18, framed £30. Baldwin Smith, A.R.C.A., Kenwin Studio, Lt. Shelford, Cambs.

CONNOISSEURS AND  
COLLECTORS

**RESTORATION AND CONSERVATION** of the ANTIQUE, bronzes, ceramics, enamels, ivories, tortoiseshell, mother of pearl, objects d'art, etc. G. GARBE, 23 Charlotte Street, London, W.1. MUSEum 1268. Founded 1770.

## SWIMMING POOLS

**SWIMMING POOL OWNERS**—end cleaning worries without expense and effort. The Pool-Vac makes a clean sweep without emptying the pool. Write for leaflet: Pool-Vac Ltd., Dept. D, Dukes Ride, Crowthorne, Berkshire.

## HAIRDRESSERS

**JOAN WILLIAMS**, the specialist for fine difficult hair. Expert cutter, tinter and permanent waver. Restyling no extra charge. 63 Wilton Place, Knightsbridge, BELgravia 5974.

## BEAUTY

**SUDDENLY YOUR THROAT IS YOUNG AGAIN.** Ray Cochrane's fantastically successful home throat rejuvenation treatment. One Guinea complete. Post Free. The Beauty Clinic, 118 Baker Street, London, W.1.

**"DERAPAT".** The only way to healthy hair. It strengthens the weak and thins. Fall out reduced. Send 30/- Post Free from "Derapat", 91 Kirkgate, Bradford, Yorkshire.

**HEALTH AND BEAUTY.** Manor House, slimming under medical supervision, in beautiful surroundings, 30 minutes Victoria Station. Apply Fawkhams Manor, Kent. Longfield 2481.

**COSMETIC PLASTIC SURGERY.** Faces, Figures, and Feelings, the book that is the how, why and what on cosmetic surgery by Leslie E. Gardiner, surgeon, 33 Wimpole Street, London, W.1. Obtainable from publishers, Robert Hale Ltd., 63 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7., at 19/6. Post free.

## IMPERFECT FEATURES



Eyes  
before  
& after  
Correc-  
tion

Badly shaped Noses, Outstanding Ears, Lines around the Eyes, Loss of Contour, Double Chins, can be corrected. Write: The Secretary, 8 Leith Mansions, Elgin Avenue, W.9 or telephone Welbeck 7208

"Creations to Dream About"  
BEAUTY WITHOUT HARM TO  
ANIMALS

**MARIA BURNE-JONES**  
Renowned Beauty Expert and Research Dermatologist offers her New Age

**NATURAL  
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS AND  
RESEARCH SPECIALISATION  
FOR THE CONNOISSEUR**  
Skin-Care Foods from Nature's Garden will bring undreamed-of Loveliness.

Also Herbal Medicines from Dr. Maria's Indian Gardens.

A personal postal service to your home—direct from the makers.  
Highly recommended by Lady Dowding and her wonderful Committee for Beauty Without Cruelty to Animals.

Beauty Brochure from Sole Distributors in U.K.  
**BURNE-JONES & PILLAI LTD.,  
PAGES DOWNS, BARHAM,  
CANTERBURY, KENT.**

Also Spartacus Exclusive Toilet Specialisations for MEN.

## CORSETTIERS

**THE FINEST CORSETS & SWIMSUITS** combining Comfort with Elegance, are made to measure by—  
**MACMILLAN CORSETTIERS LTD**  
17 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. (KEN 9925)  
Brochure T.A. on request

## RIGBY &amp; PELLER

12 South Molton Street, W.1.  
MAYfair 6708  
By Appointment to H.M. The Queen  
Corsettières  
Made to - measure corsets, brassières, maternity foundations. Exclusive French beach wear, sizes 32/52 altered to fit perfectly.

## DOGS

**GOOD FOOD MAKES GOOD DOGS.** Biscuits & Meals (WHOLEMEAL) 75/- per Cwt., 38/- ½ Cwt. Luda Puppy Milk, 1 stone 25/-, 2 stones 45/-. Dried Meat, Hound, Terrier & Puppy Sizes, 95/- per Cwt., 48/- ½ Cwt. ALL carriage paid Home. LUDA MEATIES (Dept. T), LOUTH, LINCOLNSHIRE.

**KYNOCH  
CLOTHS**  
KEITH SCOTLAND  
8 STRATTON ST LONDON W 1

## FURS

**ARE YOU SELLING OR BUYING** a fur coat? We make fair cash offers and we sell near-new furs. Inquiries invited. D. Curwen, Dept. T., 7a Melcombe Street, Baker Street, N.W.1.

**OCELOT, LEOPARD AND MINK.** A fabulous selection of these and other precious furs in many lovely styles; also made to order at reasonable prices. Personal attention of master furrier HENRY NOBLE. Part exchanges, terms. All day Saturday. REGent 6394.  
**NOBLE FURS**, 183 Regent Street, W.1.

**WANTED.** Mink, Leopard, Ocelot and better quality garments, skins, rugs. Kindly phone or write first. George H. Herman (Furs) Ltd., Kingly Court, 10 Kingly Street, London, W.1. Phone REGent 3804/5.

## H. A. VANEK, Furrier,

4a William Street,  
(First floor)

Knightsbridge, S.W.1.  
BEL 2905

Cold Storage Remodelling

## FUR HIRE

**HIRE AN ELEGANT FUR** for home or abroad, including all mink mutation colours. Special terms for long periods arranged for overseas visitors. No deposit. Confidential service. Full insurance cover. Brochure sent on request. All our furs are for sale. Extended credit terms. **TWENTIETH CENTURY FUR HIRERS LTD.**, 10 PRINCES STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1. MAYfair 2711.

VENETIAN BLIND  
CLEANING SERVICE

**VENETIAN BLINDS** cleaned and serviced by CONTEMPORARY CLEANERS (VENETIAN BLINDS) LTD. For an immediate quotation plus super same-day service telephone FULham 3217 & 1589.

## HAND LAUNDRIES

**SAME DAY LAUNDRY SERVICE** by London's finest Hand laundry. Ladies' and gentlemen's fineries collected, beautifully hand laundered, delivered to you the same day, of course without laundry marks. Also One-day, Two-day and Postal Service. For this superb luxury service, telephone EXPRESS HAND LAUNDRY LTD., at 168 Earls Court Road, S.W.5. FRObisher 2345.

## INVISIBLE MENDING

**INVISIBLE MENDING.** Burns, tears, moth damage. Also knitwear and all repairs. QUICKSTITCH LTD., (3) Removed to 26 Carnaby Street, W.1. REGent 1140.

## DRY CLEANING

**SUEDECLEAN LTD.** Experienced Suede, Leather and Sheepskin Cleaners, 3 day EXPRESS (5 Day Postal Service). Dept. H., 30 Baker Street, London, W.1. WELbeck 1967; 57 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3.

## GARDENING

**HARDY GERANIUMS** (Herbaceous Perennials). Thrive outdoors all year round. Never need renewal. Improve yearly. Rose, salmon, lilac. 38/- dozen. J. MACGREGOR, Rare Plant Specialist, LARKHALL, Lanarkshire.





Move in a  
world of  
casual elegance  
with



**YARDLEY LAVENDER**

—THE ESSENCE OF COOL PERFECTION